

A Fawcett Publication

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JOE LOUIS

*CHAMPION OF
CHAMPIONS*

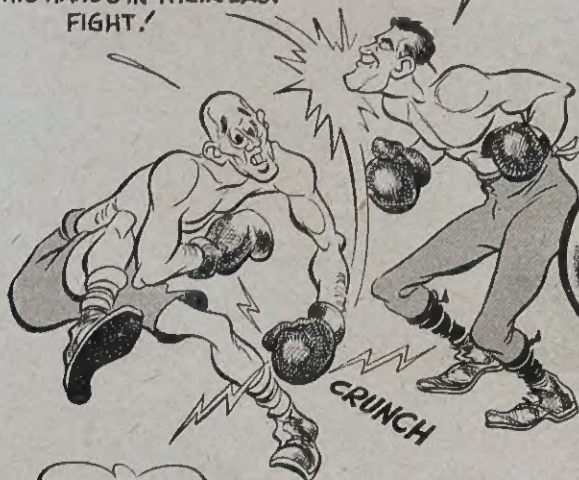
THE
HEROIC STORY
OF THE
FIGHTINGEST
CHAMPION
OF ALL TIME



BOXING ODDITIES

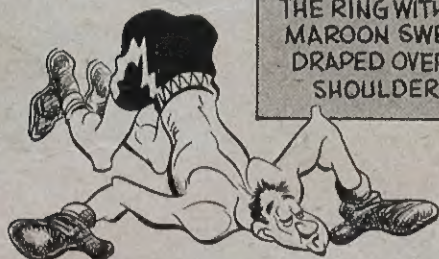
ONE OF THE HARDEST JAWS IN RING HISTORY WAS OWNED BY JIM JEFFRIES! BOB FITZSIMMONS LEARNED THIS WHEN HE BROKE BOTH HIS HANDS IN THEIR LAST FIGHT!

C'MON, FITZ, YER NOT TRYIN'!



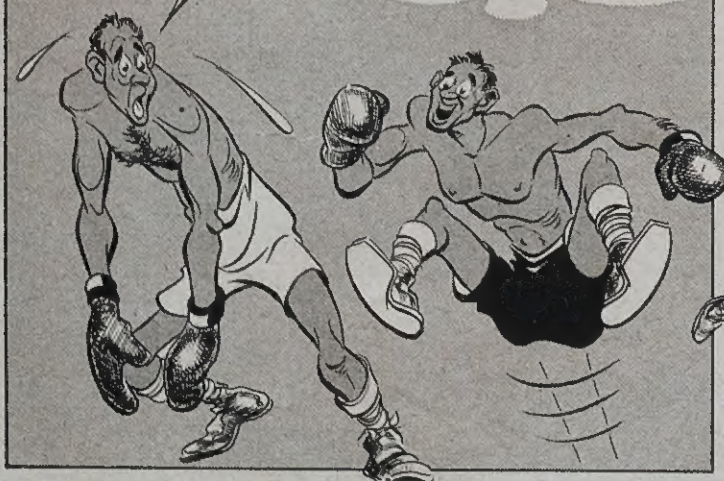
I'M KINDA SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT HIS RIGHT!

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION **JACK DEMPSEY** HAD HIS SHARE OF SUPERSTITION... HE ALWAYS ENTERED THE RING WITH AN OLD MAROON SWEATER DRAPED OVER HIS SHOULDERS!



I'D SWEAR HE HAS SPRINGS IN TH' SEAT OF HIS PANTS!

SAM McVEY BECAME SO DISCOURAGED AFTER DUMPING HIS OPPONENT ON THE CANVAS 27 TIMES IN A BOUT IN 1907, THAT HE QUIT IN THE 49TH ROUND

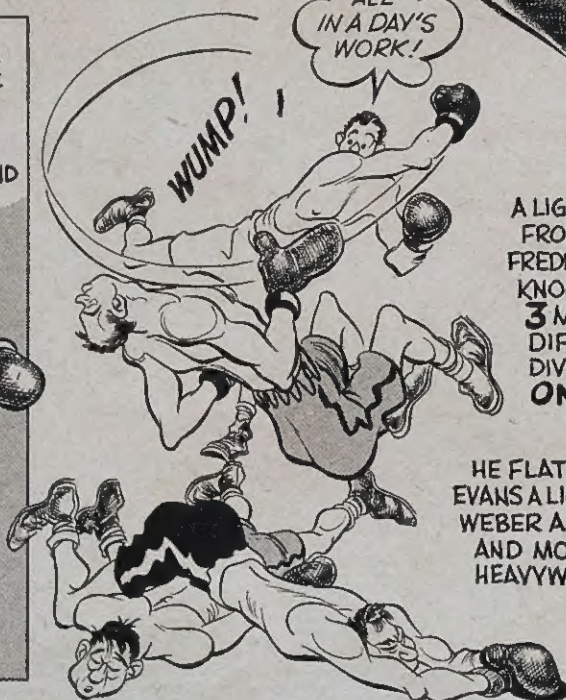


ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!

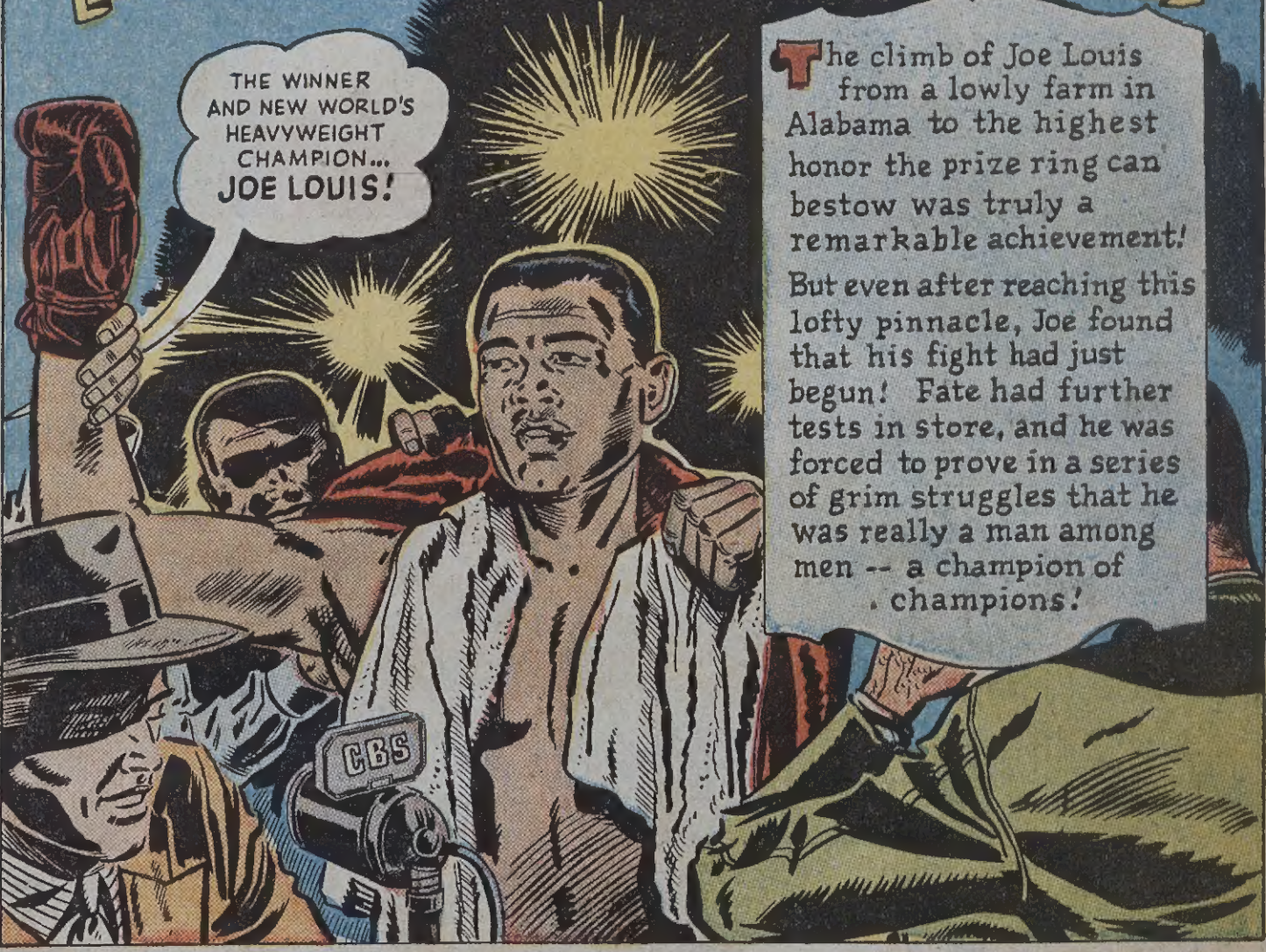
WUMP!

A LIGHTWEIGHT FROM WALES, **FREDDIE WELSH**, KNOCKED OUT 3 MEN IN 3 DIFFERENT DIVISIONS IN ONE DAY!

HE FLATTENED... EVANS A LIGHTWEIGHT, WEBER A WELTER, AND MORGAN A HEAVYWEIGHT!




Joe Louis

A large comic book illustration of Joe Louis celebrating his victory. He is shirtless, wearing a white towel draped over his shoulders, and has his right arm raised in triumph, holding a red boxing glove. He is surrounded by a crowd of people, including a man in a suit and hat in the foreground. Bright starburst effects radiate from behind him, emphasizing the moment. A CBS microphone is visible in the lower left.

THE WINNER
AND NEW WORLD'S
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION...
JOE LOUIS!

The climb of Joe Louis from a lowly farm in Alabama to the highest honor the prize ring can bestow was truly a remarkable achievement! But even after reaching this lofty pinnacle, Joe found that his fight had just begun! Fate had further tests in store, and he was forced to prove in a series of grim struggles that he was really a man among men -- a champion of champions!

A smaller comic book illustration showing Joe Louis sitting at a table with several other men. He is wearing a red jacket and a white shirt. The men are wearing hats and suits. There are drinks on the table. The background has starburst effects.

YOU'RE CHAMP,
CHAPPIE! HOW
DOES IT FEEL?

I JUST FEEL TIRED! GUESS
IT'LL BE A WHILE BEFORE I GET
USED TO BEING CHAMP!

JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! *Wherever he went now, people pointed him out...*



THAT'S JOE LOUIS!
THE CHAMP!

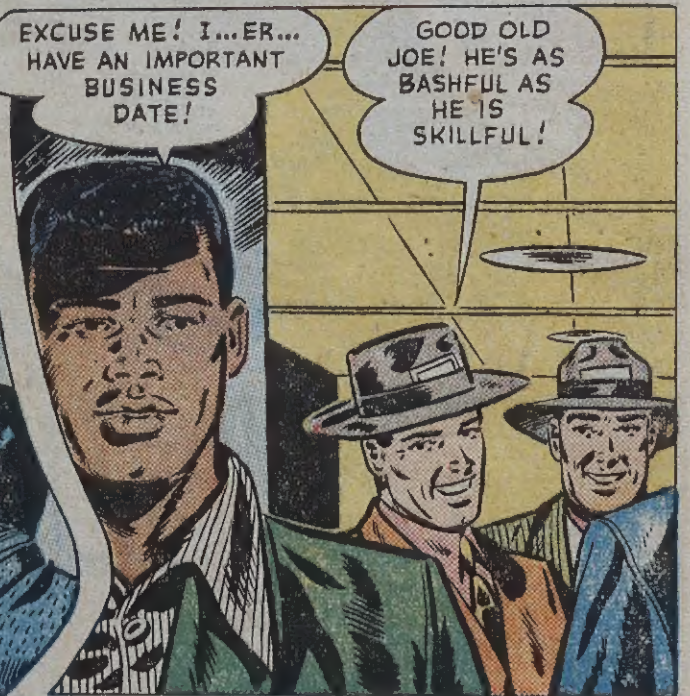
HEY, CHAMP, TELL US HOW YOU DID IT, WILL YOU?

ER... ER... ANOTHER TIME, BUSTER!



EXCUSE ME! I...ER... HAVE AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS DATE!

GOOD OLD JOE! HE'S AS BASHFUL AS HE IS SKILLFUL!



He was front page copy all across the land... yet underneath he was bothered by his uncertainty with words!

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO DEFEND THE TITLE AGAINST, JOE?

I...UH... DON'T KNOW EXACTLY!

I MAY BE CHAMP, BUT I SURE DON'T TALK LIKE ONE!



WHY DO I GET ALL TIED UP IN KNOTS WHEN I TRY TO TALK TO PEOPLE? I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SAY THE THINGS I FEEL!



JOE, EVERYBODY'S WONDERING WHEN YOU'LL FIGHT!

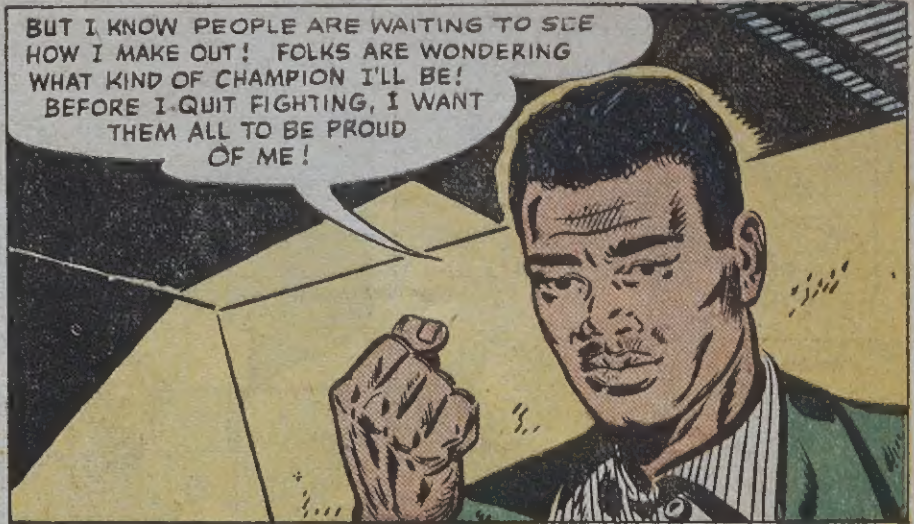
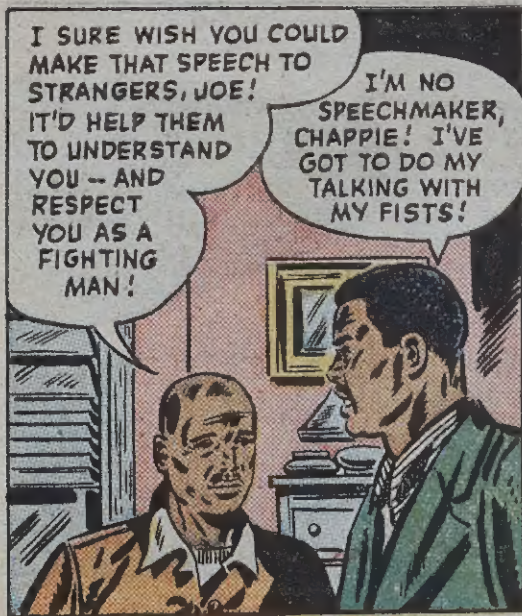
I WANT TO FIGHT SOON, MR. ROXBOROUGH! AND I WANT TO FIGHT THE BEST THAT'S AROUND!



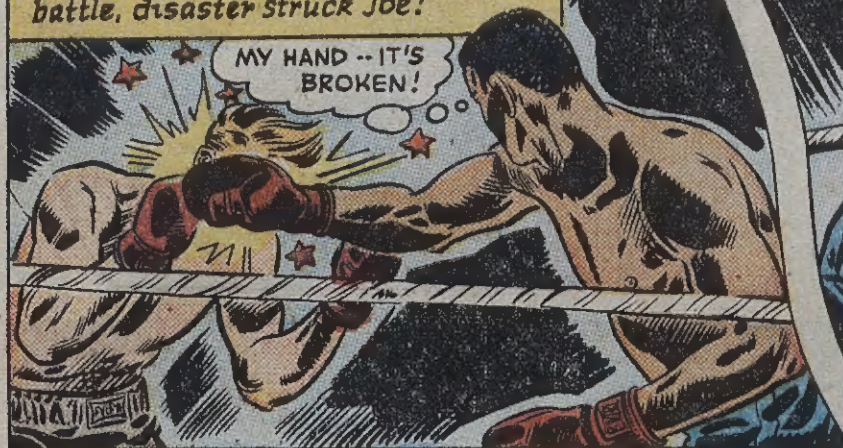
NO REAL CHAMPION IS AFRAID TO MEET ANY WORTHY CONTENDER! IF I LOSE, IT'LL BE THE SAME WAY BRADDOCK LOST TO ME! I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING AS HARD AS I KNOW HOW!



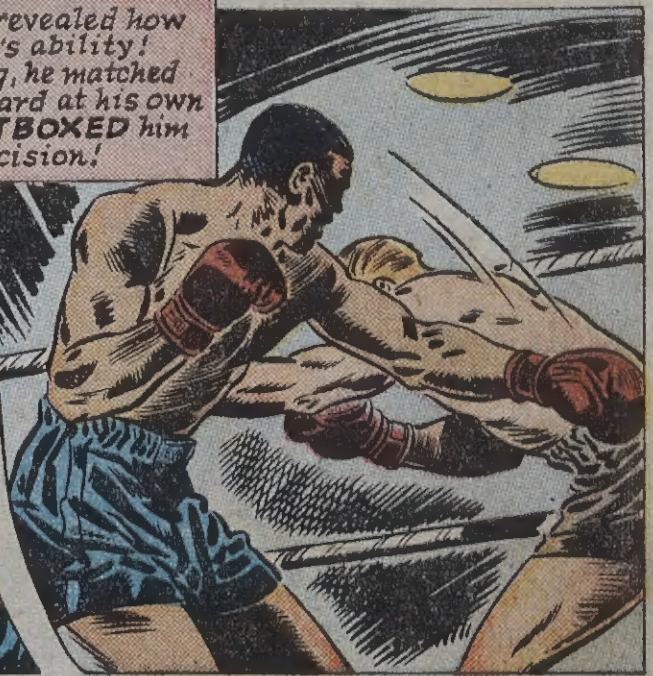
JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS



Two months after winning the title, Joe Louis met the English heavy-weight champion -- Tommy Farr! In the fourth round of their battle, disaster struck Joe!



The accident revealed how great was Joe's ability! Unable to slug, he matched the Welsh Wizard at his own game and **OUTBOXED** him to win the decision!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Anger at the Nazi's taunts had loosened the pent-up emotion in Joe and words came more easily now. Yet he realized it would take more than conversation to beat the Black Uhlan, and he trained diligently!

MAX SCHMELING SAID TODAY THAT JOE LOUIS IS AFRAID OF HIM! MAX CLAIMS THAT HE WILL BRING BACK THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE AS A TROPHY FOR ADOLPH HITLER!

SOMETHING WRONG, JOE?

NO, SIR! I'M ALL RIGHT!

I HAVE TO BEAT SCHMELING THIS TIME! IT'S MORE THAN A PRIZE FIGHT!

But Schmeling was in heavy training at Speculator, New York...

MAX LOOKS BETTER THAN I'VE EVER SEEN HIM! HE'S SMART -- AND HE PACKS TNT IN THAT RIGHT HAND!

DO YOU REALLY THINK LOUIS WILL BE GUNSHY OF YOUR RIGHT HAND?

HE KNOWS I'M HIS MASTER! HE KNOWS AS WELL AS I DO NO MEMBER OF AN INFERIOR RACE CAN BEAT A TRUE ARYAN!

On June 22, 1938, a grim Joe Louis waited for his biggest test!

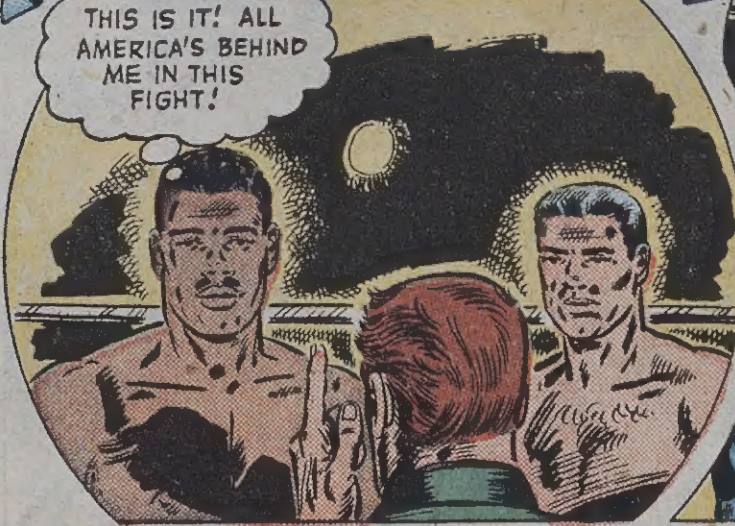
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO SERIOUS, CHAPPIE!

I WANT TO STAY THAT WAY UNTIL I GET INTO THE RING! LIKE ANY GOOD AMERICAN, I DON'T LIKE THE NAZIS -- AND THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SHOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT!

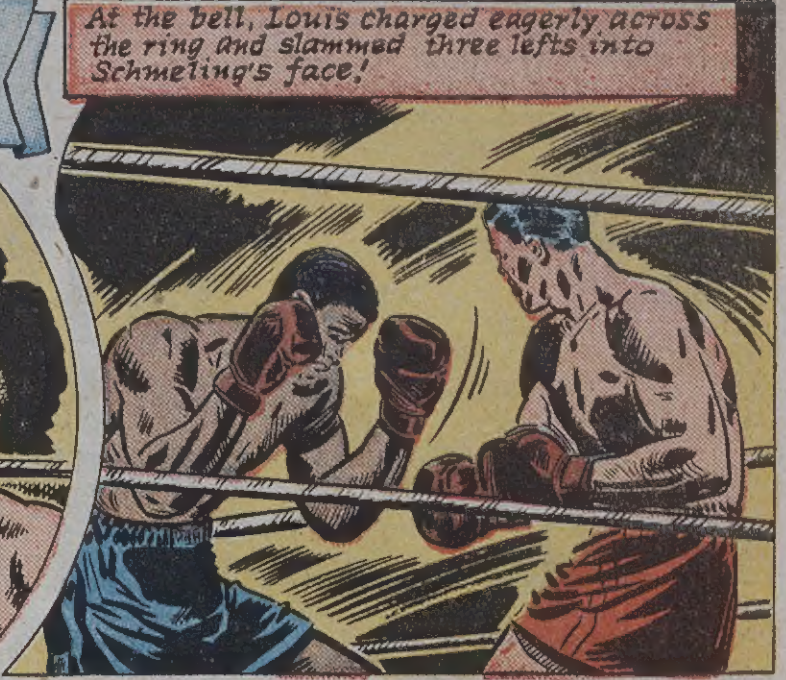
JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Seventy thousand people flocked into the stadium to see the battle! But Louis and Schmeling had eyes for no one but each other as they were called to mid-ring for final instructions!

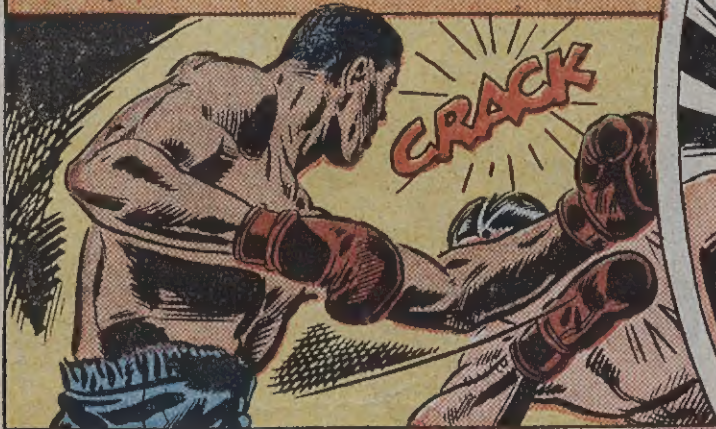
THIS IS IT! ALL AMERICA'S BEHIND ME IN THIS FIGHT!



At the bell, Louis charged eagerly across the ring and slammed three lefts into Schmeling's face!



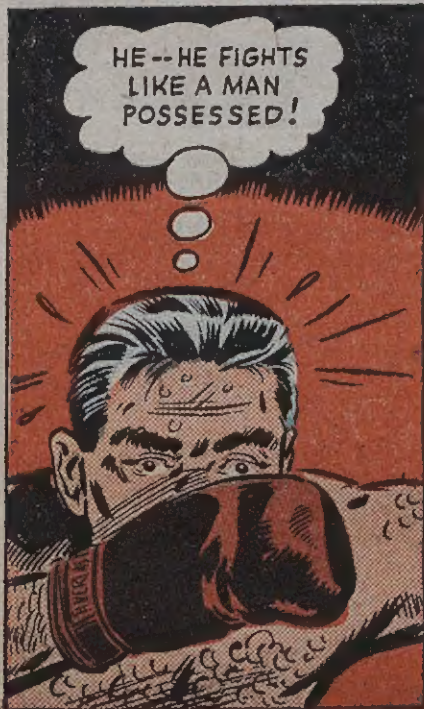
There was an avenging fury in Joe's tiger-like attack, for he was fighting for the democracy he held so sacred, yet the crafty Teuton still eluded real punishment!



At last, Louis saw a momentary opening in the German's guard! He swiftly hammered a right hand answer to Nazi arrogance!

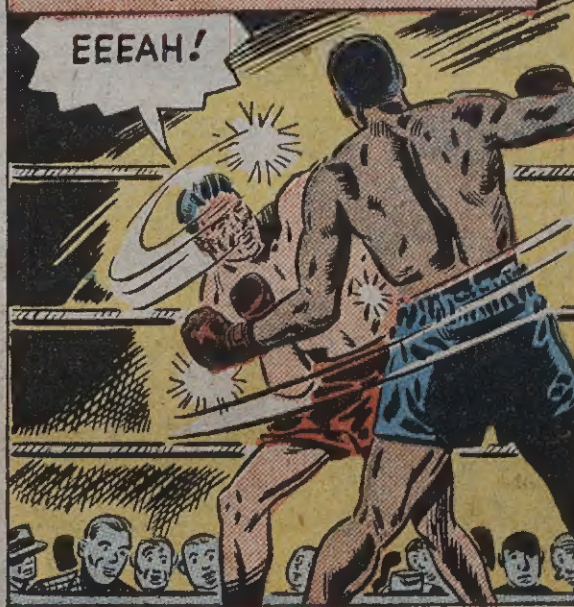


HE--HE FIGHTS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED!



Grimly, Joe continued his fierce onslaught! This was the night of retribution!

EEEEAH!



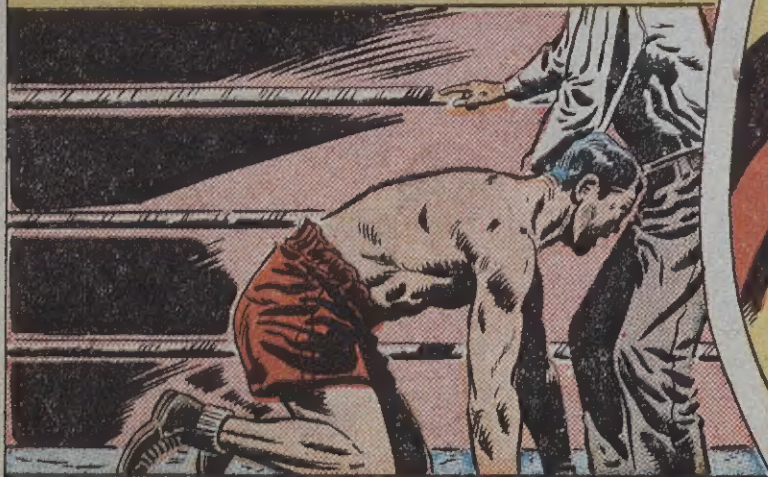
GOOD GLORY! DID YOU SEE THAT BODY WALLOP?

SCHMELING SCREAMED OUT LOUD! IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER HEARD A FIGHTER DO THAT IN THE RING!

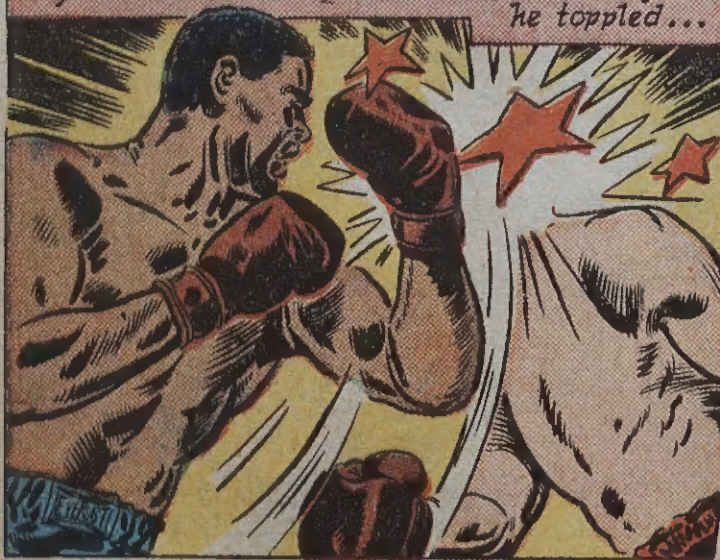


JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Two more murderous rights thundered into Max's body and the symbol of the Master Race grovelled ignominiously on the canvas!



Once more Schmeling struggled erect! But nothing could stay the flying fists of justice! A tremendous right hand reached the German's jaw and again he toppled...

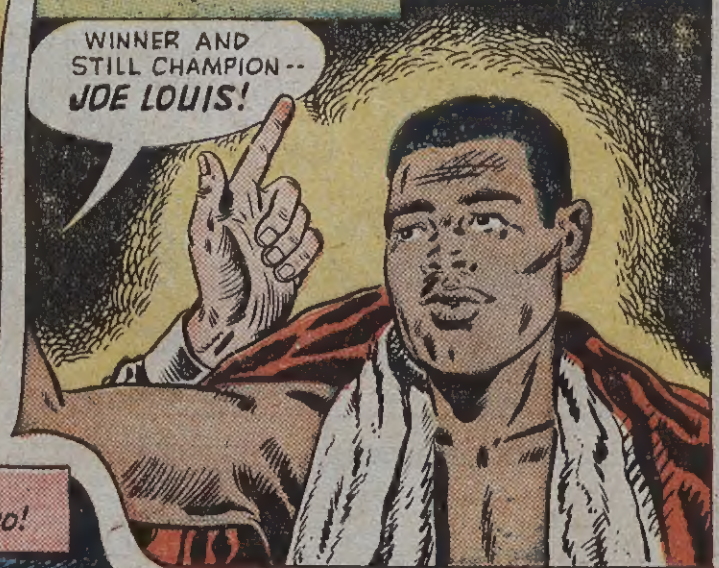


Schmeling staggered up at the count of three, only to run into a hurricane of vengeance! A jolting one-two dropped him again!



... this time for keeps! The entire battle was over in two minutes and four seconds of the first round!

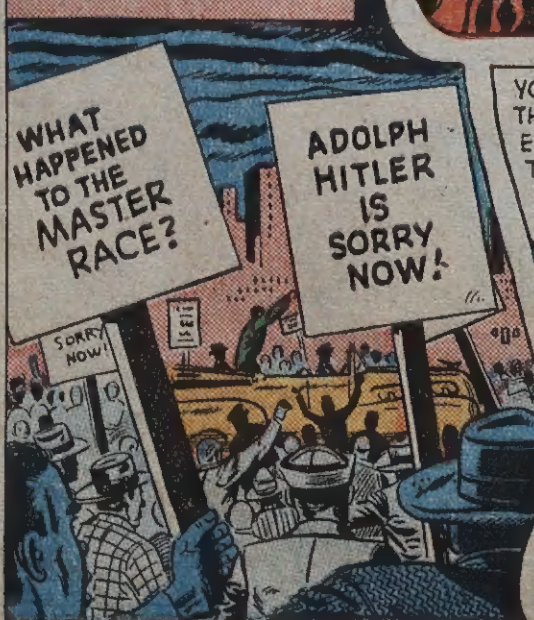
WINNER AND STILL CHAMPION -- JOE LOUIS!



After the fight, it was discovered that one of Louis' terrible punches had broken a bone in Schmeling's vertebra! The beaten gladiator was taken back to his Nazi masters on a stretcher!



His victory made Joe a national hero!



YOU'RE REALLY THE CHAMP NOW! EVERYBODY IN THAT CROWD IS ROOTING FOR YOU, CHAPPIE!

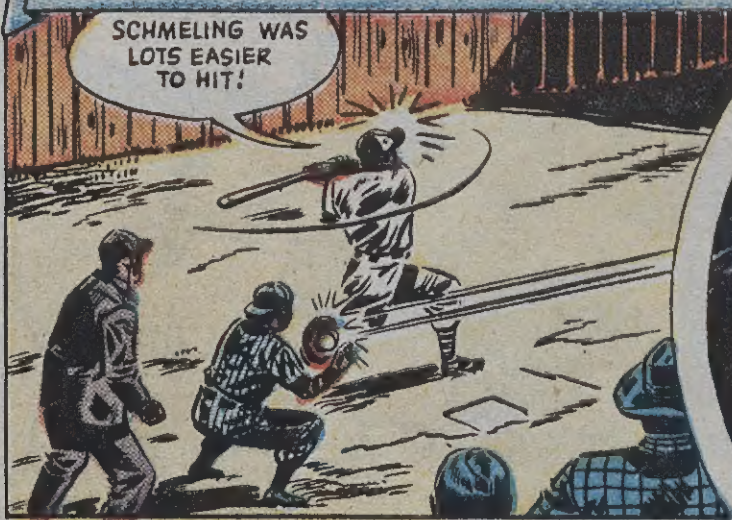
I'LL TRY NEVER TO LET THEM DOWN! THE WAY I SEE IT, ALL OF US WON THAT FIGHT! WE PROVED THAT THOSE NAZIS AREN'T ANY MASTER RACE!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

There were no worthy opponents in sight after the Max Schmeling encounter! Joe Louis had time to relax and enjoy himself, which meant playing softball with his own team...

SCHMELING WAS LOTS EASIER TO HIT!



It also meant rooting for his favorite baseball team, the Detroit Tigers, and watching Humphrey Bogart in the movies!

I WISH I COULD SOCK LIKE MR. BOGART!



But Joe Louis' favorite recreation is golf, which he takes very seriously!

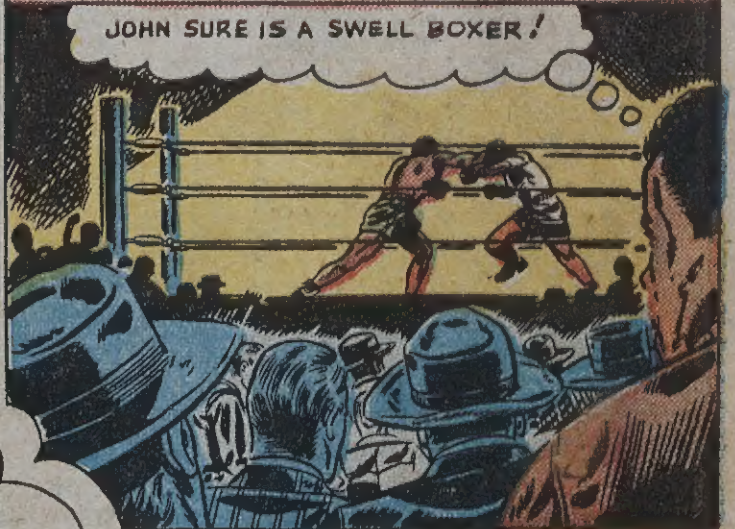
WHEN YOU DRIVE THE BALL, REALLY FOLLOW THROUGH ON THE SWING!

BUT SOMETIMES I THINK IT BOBS AND WEAVES!



Late in the year 1938, Joe Louis saw his good friend, John Henry Lewis, win the light-heavyweight championship of the world from Bob Olin!

JOHN SURE IS A SWELL BOXER!

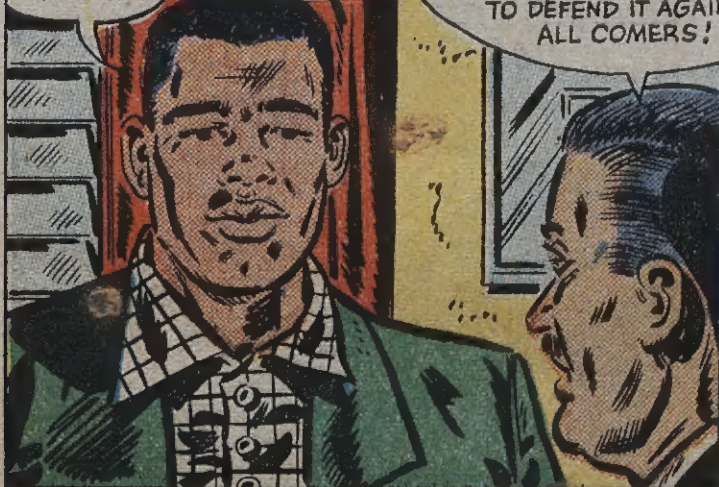


Then some time later, Joe heard surprising news!

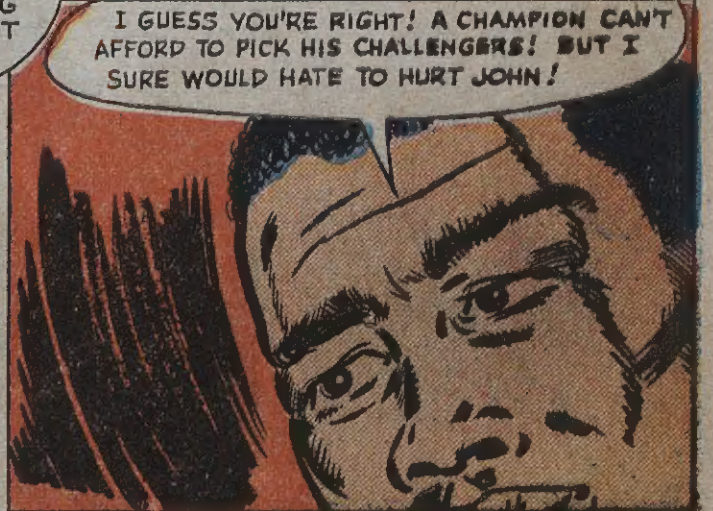
AND THE LEADING CONTENDER

YOU'VE SIGNED ME TO MEET JOHN HENRY LEWIS? BUT HE'S MY FRIEND!

FOR YOUR CROWN, JOE! YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE WILLING TO DEFEND IT AGAINST ALL COMERS!



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! A CHAMPION CAN'T AFFORD TO PICK HIS CHALLENGERS! BUT I SURE WOULD HATE TO HURT JOHN!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

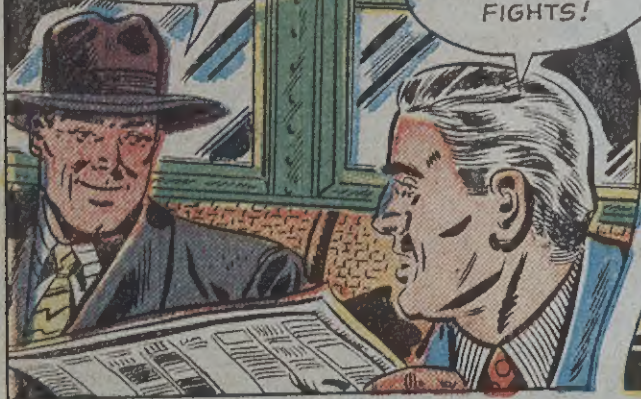
Before the fight, there were a lot of rumors...

JOE IS A GOOD PAL OF JOHN HENRY LEWIS! HE'LL TAKE IT EASY!

HE'D BETTER NOT TAKE IT TOO EASY! JOHN HENRY LEWIS HAS NEVER BEEN KAYOED IN NINETY-NINE FIGHTS!

Joe realized the responsibilities of a Champion when Fate forced him to batter down his friend in two minutes and twenty-nine seconds of the first round!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T GET UP! I HATE TO HIT HIM!



When the fight was over, Joe helped the dazed John Henry Lewis to his corner...

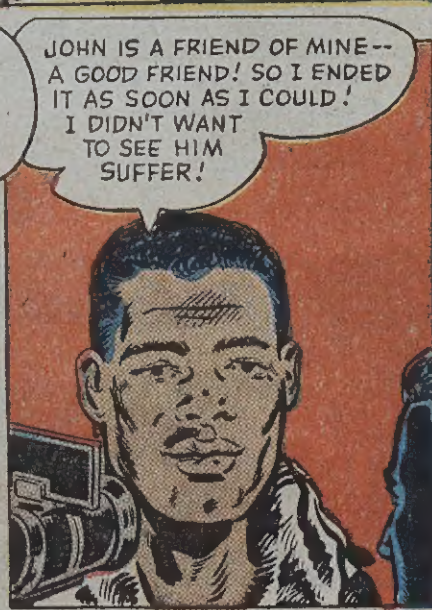
I'M SORRY, JOHN!

FORGET IT, JOE. YOU'RE CHAMP... YOU HAVE TO FIGHT LIKE ONE!

WHAT ABOUT THOSE RUMORS YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE IT EASY ON JOHN HENRY LEWIS TONIGHT?

I SAID MY SAY IN THE RING! NO CHAMP EVER DOES ANYTHING BUT HIS BEST!

JOHN IS A FRIEND OF MINE-- A GOOD FRIEND! SO I ENDED IT AS SOON AS I COULD! I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE HIM SUFFER!



YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE JOE CREDIT! HE'S NEVER LET US DOWN YET!

HE'S A REAL FIGHTING CHAMPION! I'D PAY TO SEE HIM FIGHT ANYTIME -- BECAUSE I KNOW HELL ALWAYS GIVE ME MY MONEY'S WORTH!

April 17, 1939, Joe Louis stopped Jack Roper in one round at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles. The fight is memorable only for the statements made by both men after the brief struggle!

ROPER THREW A GOOD LEFT HAND! SO I THREW BOTH OF MINE BACK AT HIM!

I GUESS I JUST ZIGGED WHEN I SHOULD HAVE ZAGGED!



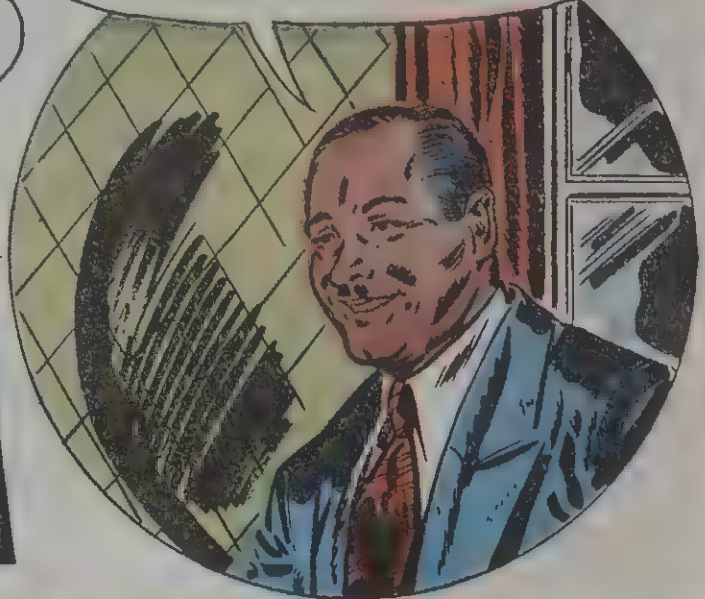
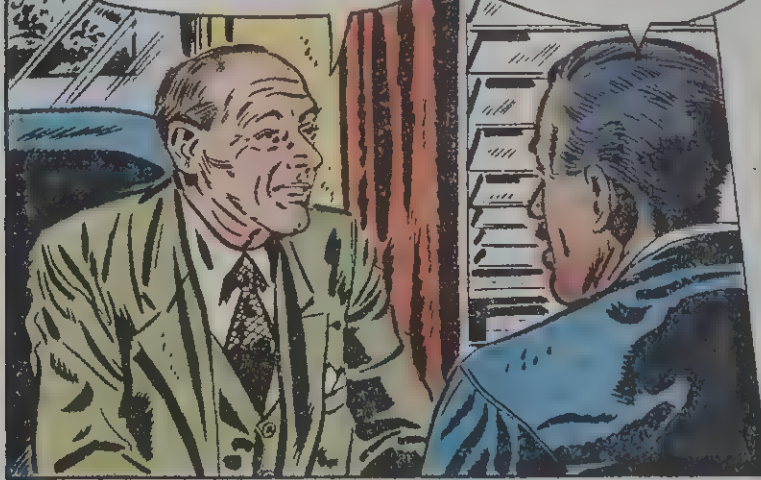
JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

*In the office of Mike Jacobs,
world famous promoter ...*

I HEARD LOUIS AFTER
THE ROYER FIGHT. HE'S
NOT AS TONGUE-TIED
AS HE USED TO BE!

HE'S STILL A
PRETTY SHY BOY,
MR. JACOBS!

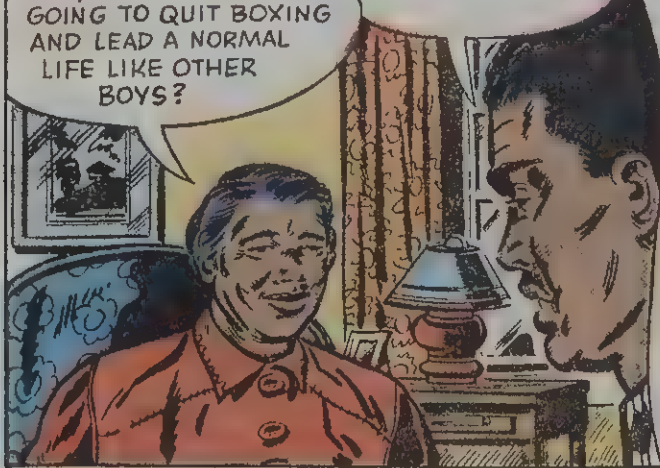
SOMEDAY, HE'LL BE ABLE TO EXPRESS
HIMSELF BETTER! I'VE AN IDEA WHEN
THAT HAPPENS THAT WHAT HE SAYS
WILL MAKE A LOT OF SENSE!



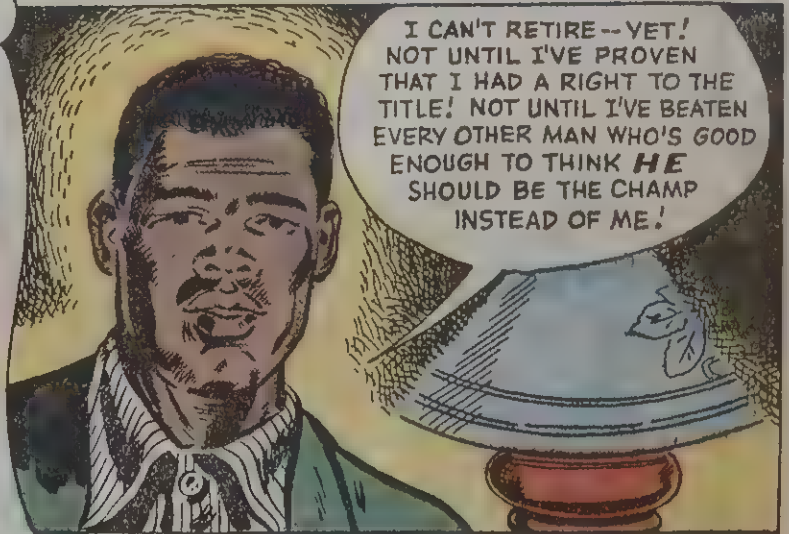
Meanwhile...

JOE, WHEN ARE YOU
GOING TO QUIT BOXING
AND LEAD A NORMAL
LIFE LIKE OTHER
BOYS?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND,
MOM! I'M THE
CHAMPION!



I CAN'T RETIRE--YET!
NOT UNTIL I'VE PROVEN
THAT I HAD A RIGHT TO THE
TITLE! NOT UNTIL I'VE BEATEN
EVERY OTHER MAN WHO'S GOOD
ENOUGH TO THINK **HE**
SHOULD BE THE CHAMP
INSTEAD OF ME!



*There were still many such
contenders! But best known
of all the challengers was
Tony Galento -- better known
as Two-Ton Tony!*

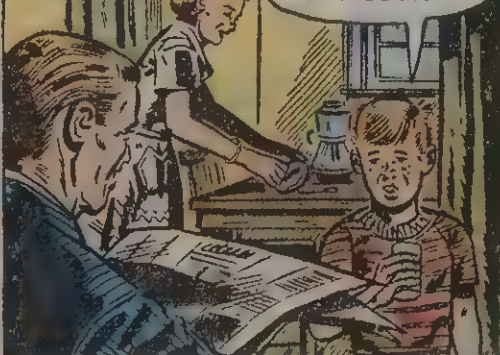
I'D MOIDER DAT BUM! LET JOE
WORRY ABOUT KEEPING IN
CONDITION! I DRINK
BEER AND SMOKE
CIGARS TO GET
IN SHAPE!



*Two-Ton Tony was a colorful
character! As he climbed the
fistic ladder with victory after
victory, he became an idol to
many admirers!*

DRINK YOUR
MILK,
DEAR!

AW, MILK IS FOR
SISSIES! I WANT TO
GROW UP LIKE TONY
GALENTO! **HE'S**
TOUGHER THAN
JOE LOUIS!



CAN'T YOU REASON
WITH HIM? YOU'RE
HIS FATHER!

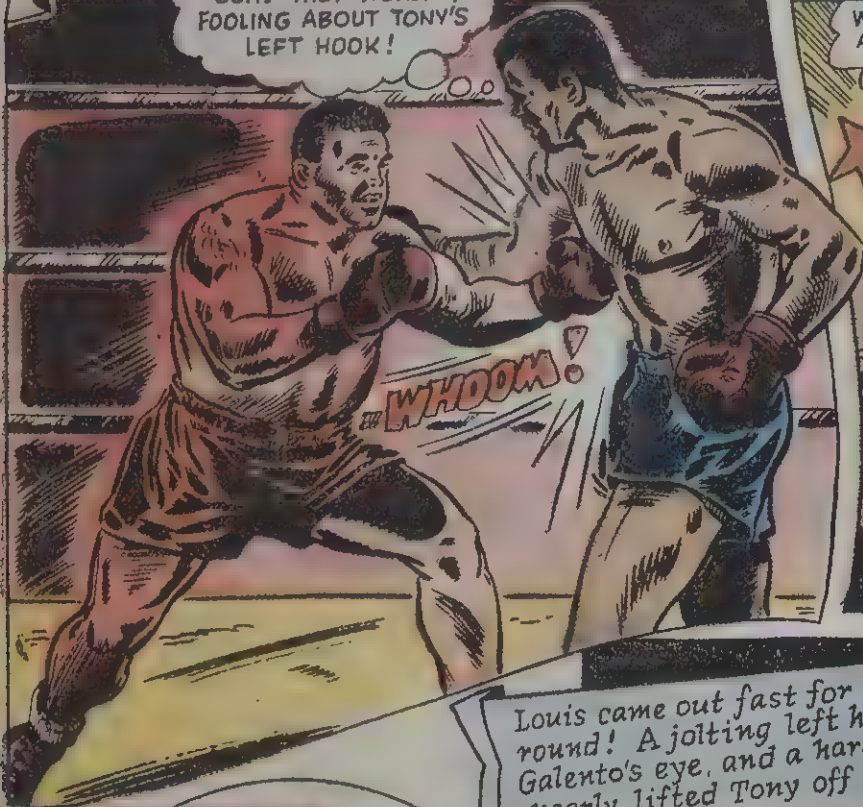
JUNIOR'S
RIGHT!
TWO-TON
WILL KAYO
LOUIS!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

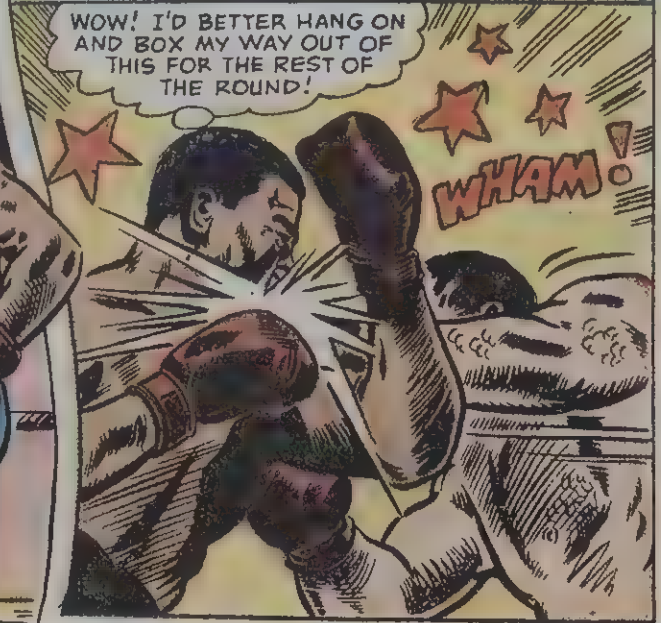
On June 28, 1939, Joe Louis met Two Ton Tony! Hardly did the fight begin before Joe found he had a rough, tough opponent who could really sock!

UGH! THEY WEREN'T FOOLING ABOUT TONY'S LEFT HOOK!



Louis jabbed two lefts into Tony's face! Suddenly, Galento lunged again with his left hook, and this time he connected solidly with the champion's jaw!

WOW! I'D BETTER HANG ON AND BOX MY WAY OUT OF THIS FOR THE REST OF THE ROUND!

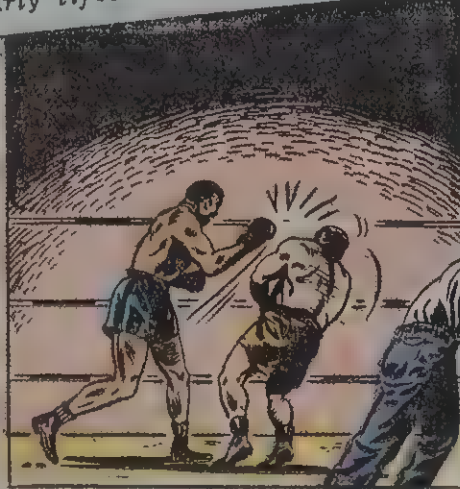
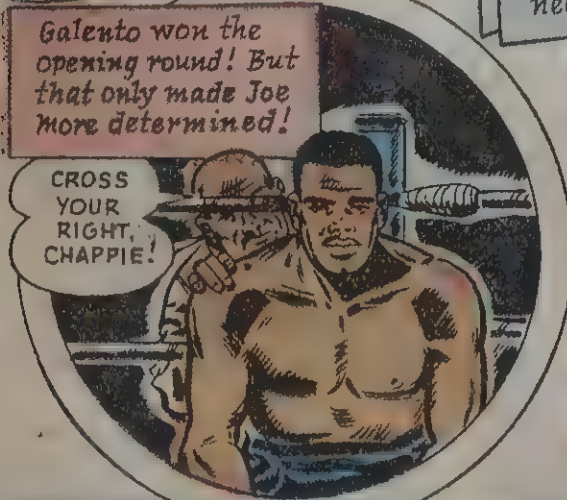


Louis came out fast for the second round! A jolting left hook cut Galento's eye, and a hard right nearly lifted Tony off his feet!

Then a stunning upper-cut dropped Galento to the canvas, badly hurt! But tough Tony got up just before the bell ended the round!

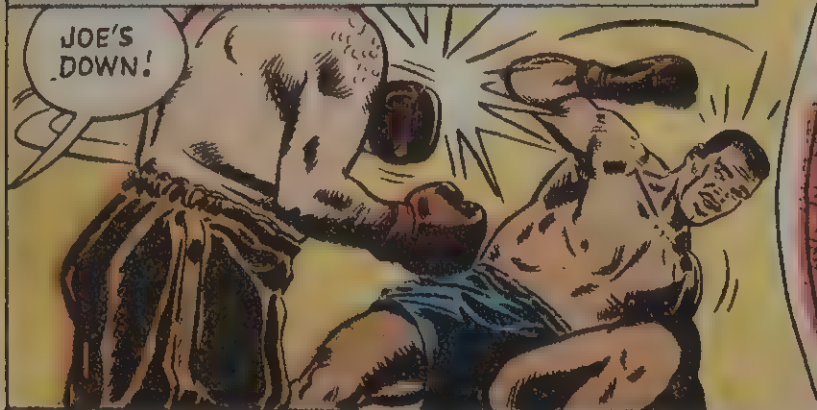
Galento won the opening round! But that only made Joe more determined!

CROSS YOUR RIGHT, CHAPPIE!

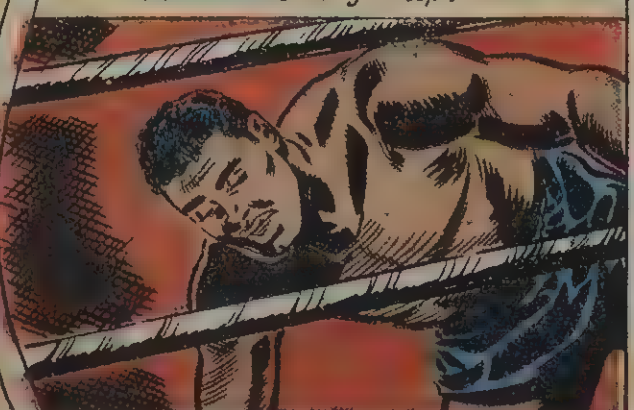


In the third, Louis continued his bombardment! Galento was reeling and almost beaten! But then the impossible happened! Tony lashed out with a left hook that knocked down the champion!

JOE'S DOWN!



Louis was hurt! This was the first time he'd been knocked down since Braddock had dropped him! Would he be able to get up?



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

It was in those frantic seconds that one of Joe's rooters expressed what the whole nation was feeling!

GET UP, JOE -- YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP!



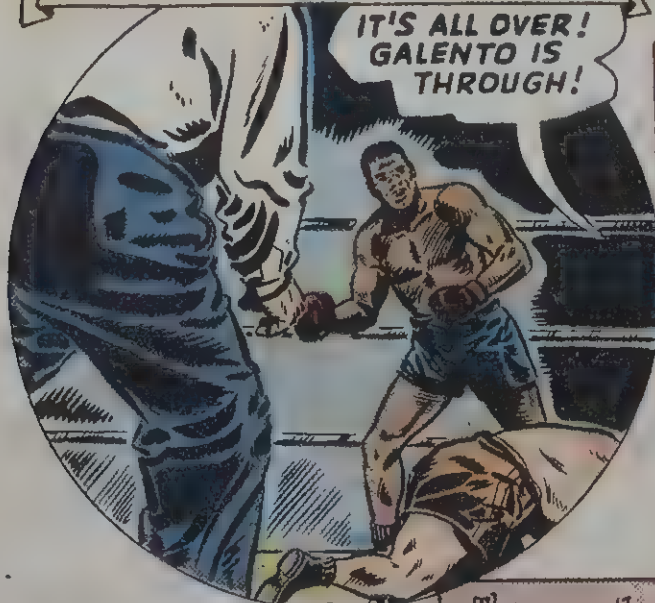
Joe needed no urging, for the heart of a champion dictated that he rise! Gallantly, on trembling legs but with flaming spirit, Joe staggered to meet Galento and...

OKAY, MISTER GALENTO! LET'S FIGHT!



Furiously they traded thunderous blows, each disdaining retreat until...

IT'S ALL OVER! GALENTO IS THROUGH!



Galento took his final swing from his dressing room!

SOMETHIN' GOT INTO MY EYES!

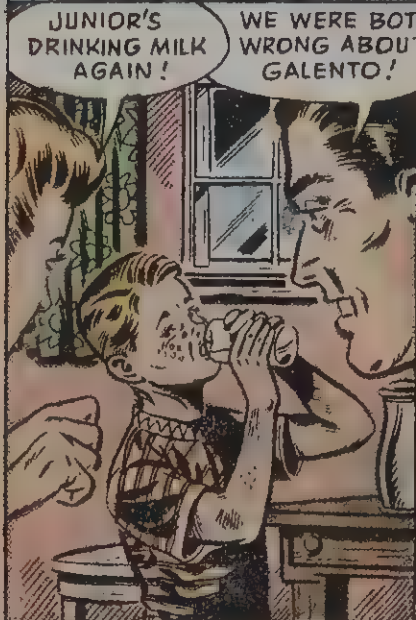


YES -- LOUIS' FISTS! EVEN HURT, HE PROVED A CHAMP!

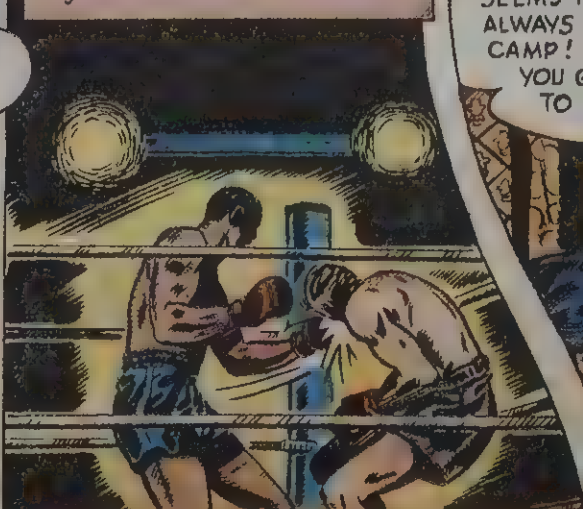
And, across the nation...

JUNIOR'S DRINKING MILK AGAIN!

WE WERE BOTH WRONG ABOUT GALENTO!



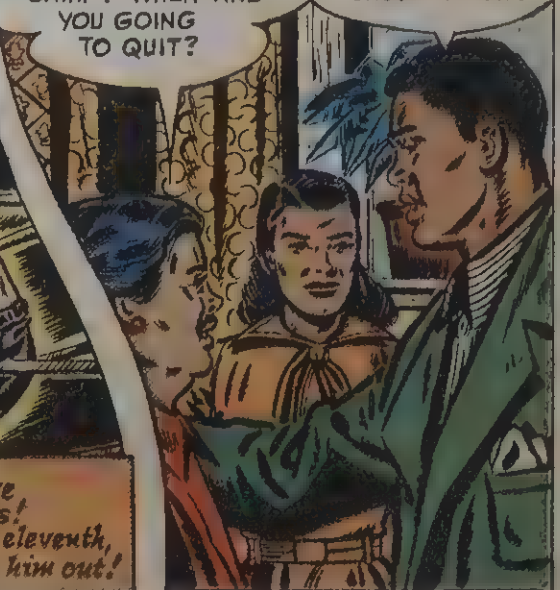
Three months later, Louis again met Bob Pastor.



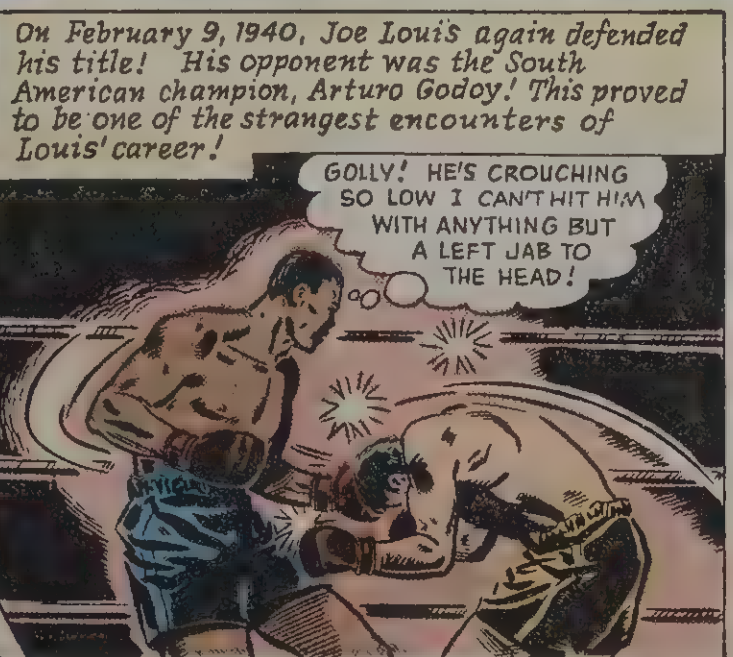
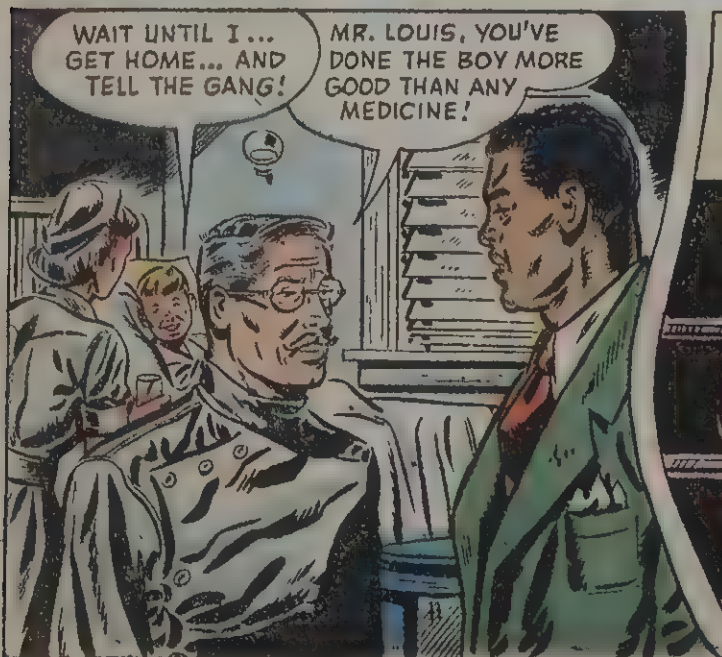
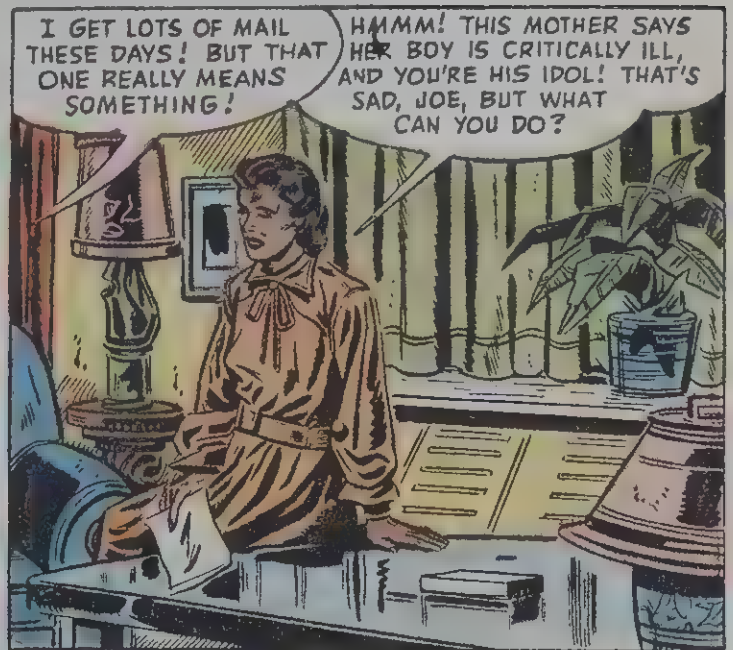
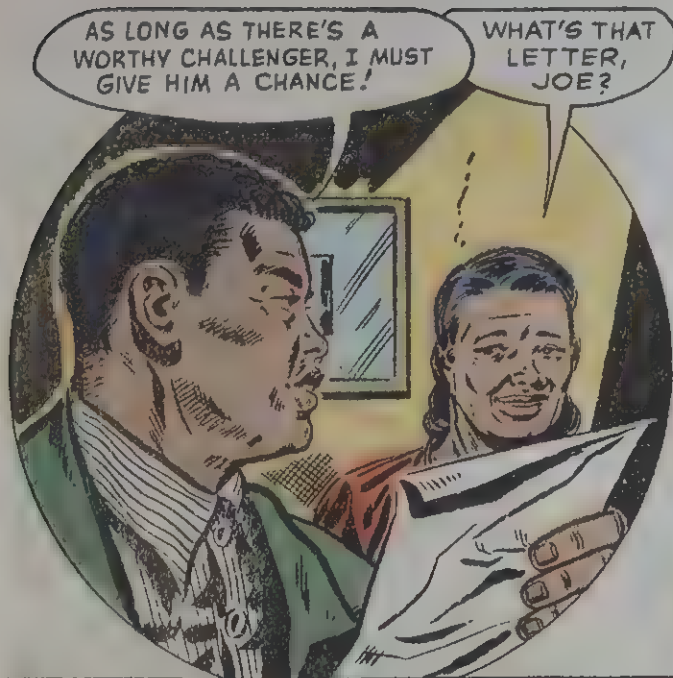
Pastor was knocked down five times in the first two rounds! But he fought gamely until the eleventh, when the referee finally counted him out!

YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING A LOT, JOE DARLING! SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE ALWAYS IN A TRAINING CAMP! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO QUIT?

I'M THE CHAMP! THERE'S ALWAYS FIGHTERS WHO'D LIKE TO TAKE MY CROWN AWAY!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS



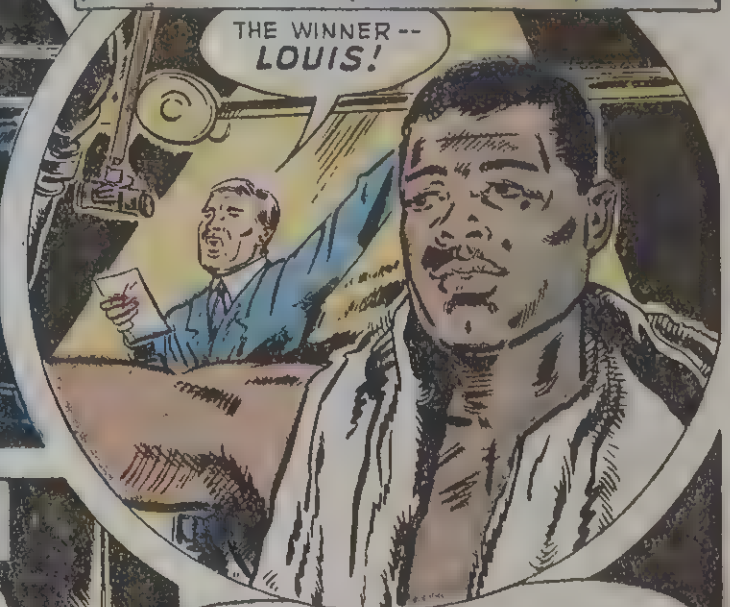
JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Round after round went by! Spectators began to wonder when the famed Louis' dynamite would explode!



JOE CAN'T SEEM TO FIGURE OUT ARTURO!

At the end of the battle, Godoy was still erect! One judge voted for him, but the verdict of referee Arthur Donovan and the other judge enabled Louis to retain his title!



THE WINNER -- LOUIS!

IT WAS A DISAPPOINTING FIGHT! MAYBE LOUIS ISN'T AS GREAT AS WE THOUGHT!

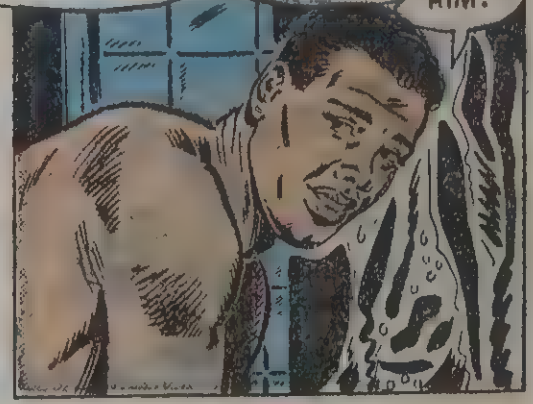
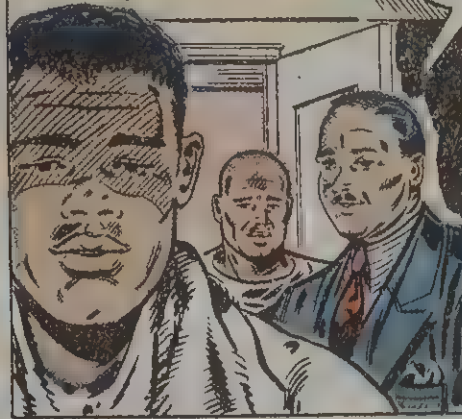
GODOY HAS HIS NUMBER! LOUIS WON'T FIGHT HIM AGAIN!

But, in the dressing room...

I JUST COULDN'T GET HIM OUT OF HIS SHELL! BUT I'LL NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL I FIGHT HIM AGAIN!

THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER CONTENDERS YOU CAN HANDLE MORE EASILY! FORGET GODOY!

I'M THE CHAMPION, MR. ROXBOROUGH! IF A FIGHTER IS TOUGH TO HANDLE, THAT'S ALL THE MORE REASON FOR FIGHTING HIM!



I'VE GOT TO LIVE WITH MYSELF, AND THAT MEANS THE **BEST** MAN GETS A CRACK AT THE TITLE! SIGN GODOY!



In the return match, Louis proved he was a master! Steadily he wore down the crouching Godoy with deadly accurate, short blows! In the seventh round, Louis went out to finish his opponent with a hailstorm of rights and lefts!



THAT GOT HIM!

JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

The bell saved Godoy! But in the eighth round, Louis battered the game Chilean down twice again! With Godoy helpless, the referee was forced to call a halt!



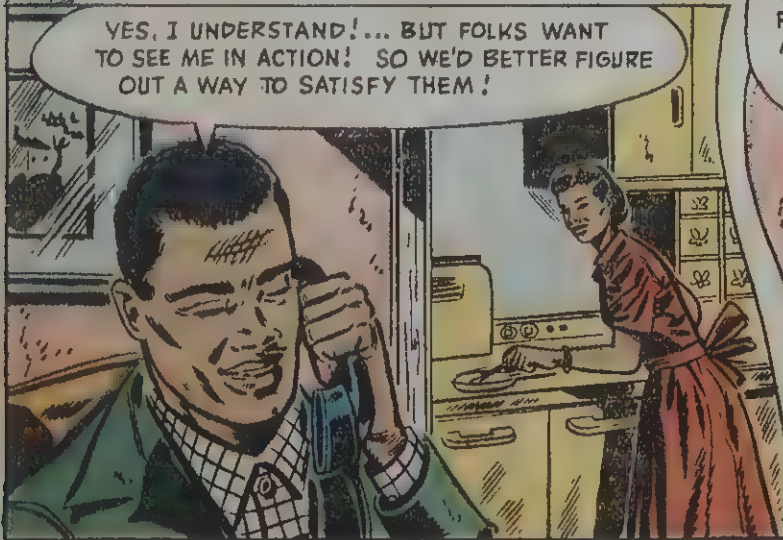
A KNOCKOUT! AND YOU SAID HE'D BE AFRAID TO FIGHT GODOY AGAIN!

SO WHAT? YOU SAID HE WASN'T A GREAT CHAMPION! WE WERE BOTH WRONG!



An intensive search began for an opponent worthy to meet Joe!

YES, I UNDERSTAND!... BUT FOLKS WANT TO SEE ME IN ACTION! SO WE'D BETTER FIGURE OUT A WAY TO SATISFY THEM!



THEY CAN'T FIND ANY TOP CHALLENGERS FOR ME, MARVA! PLENTY OF BOXERS WOULD LIKE A SHOT AT MY TITLE! BUT THEIR RECORDS DON'T SEEM TO RATE IT!

YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A VACATION, JOE!



Joe Louis was perfectly serious! In December, 1940, he began the most spectacular campaign in ring history by stopping Al McCoy in Boston!

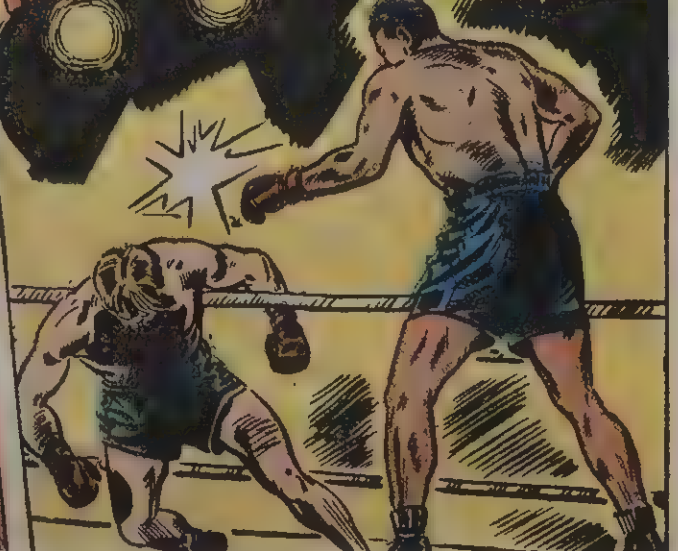
THAT'S NOT THE WAY I SEE IT, MARVA! I KNOW THAT SOME CHAMPS **HAVEN'T** DEFENDED THEIR TITLE FOR YEARS AT A TIME! BUT I'M WILLING TO FIGHT ANYBODY WHO THINKS HE CAN BEAT ME!

IF THERE'S NO ONE CHALLENGER WHO'S RATED GOOD ENOUGH, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIGHT **ALL** OF THEM!

JOE! YOU - YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!



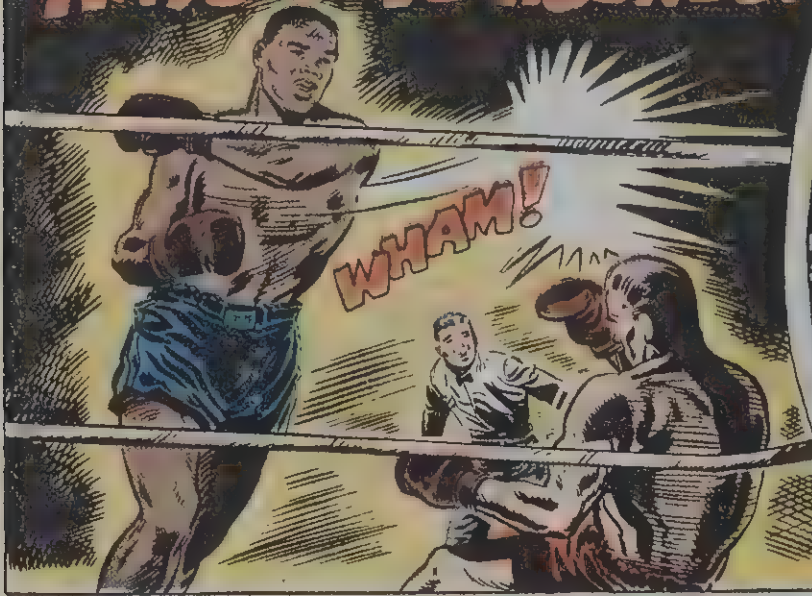
KAYO IN SIX ROUNDS!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

In January, 1941, Louis met Clarence 'Red' Burman at Madison Square Garden!

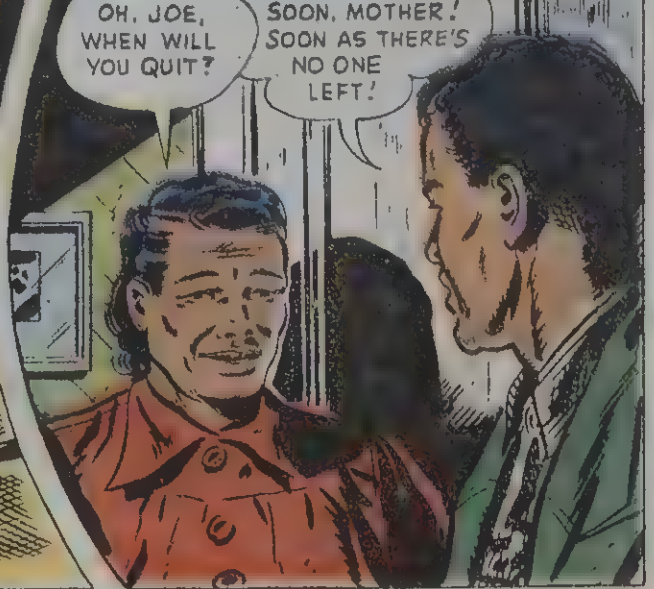
KAYO FIVE ROUNDS!



Game Gus Dorazio was next in February and he disposed of him in two rounds. But each time her boy went to the wars, a mother waited and worried!

OH, JOE, WHEN WILL YOU QUIT?

SOON, MOTHER! SOON AS THERE'S NO ONE LEFT!



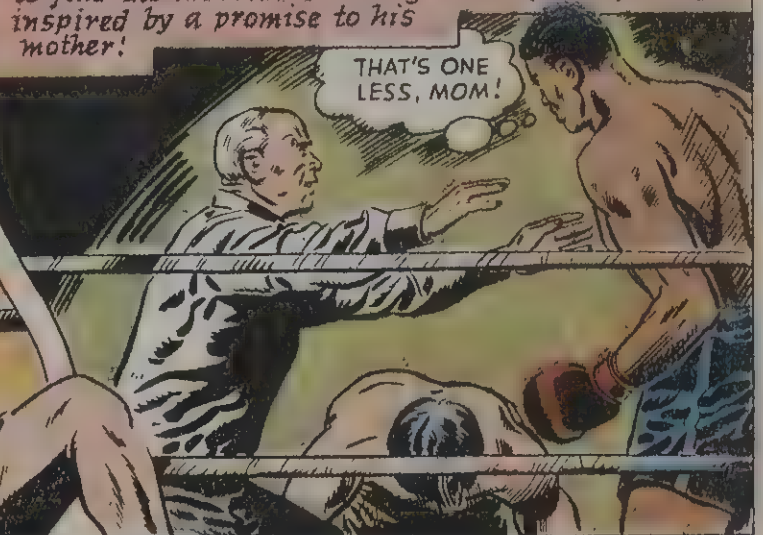
In his March engagement, Louis caught a tartar in big Abe Simon. Simon was six foot four inches tall, weighed 240 pounds, and could take a punch! But he went the way of the others!

KAYO IN 13!



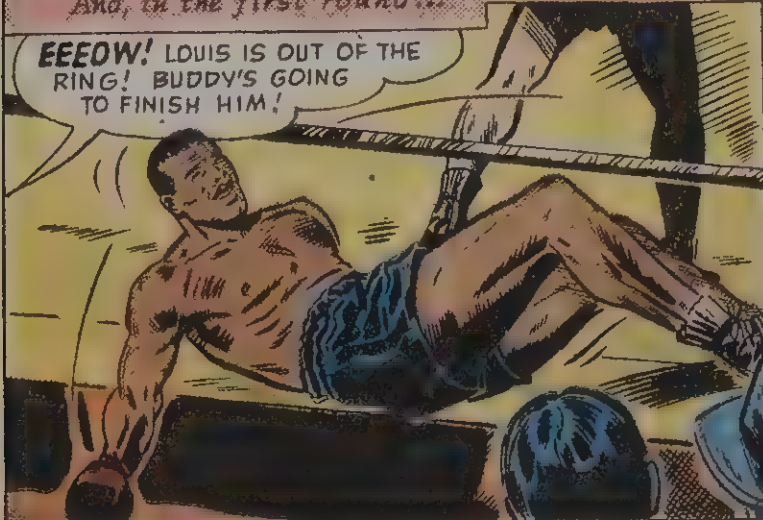
In April, tough Tony Musto tried his hand, only to find the inevitable ending at the fists of a boy inspired by a promise to his mother!

THAT'S ONE LESS, MOM!

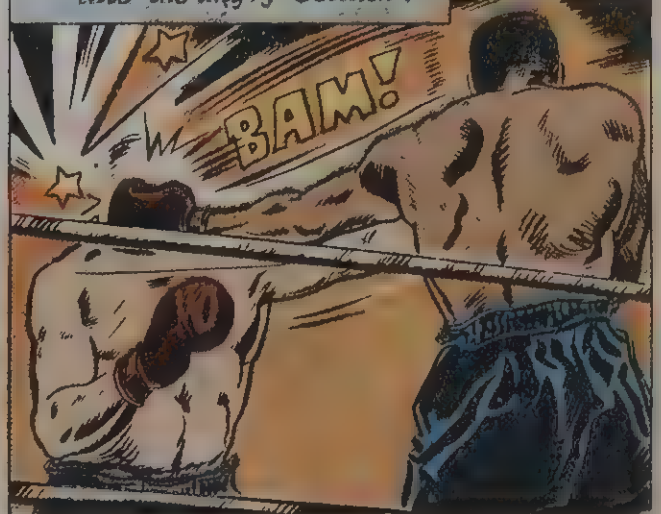


Next was Buddy Baer -- gigantic younger brother of Max -- who had vowed to avenge the family name! And, in the first round...

EEEOW! LOUIS IS OUT OF THE RING! BUDDY'S GOING TO FINISH HIM!

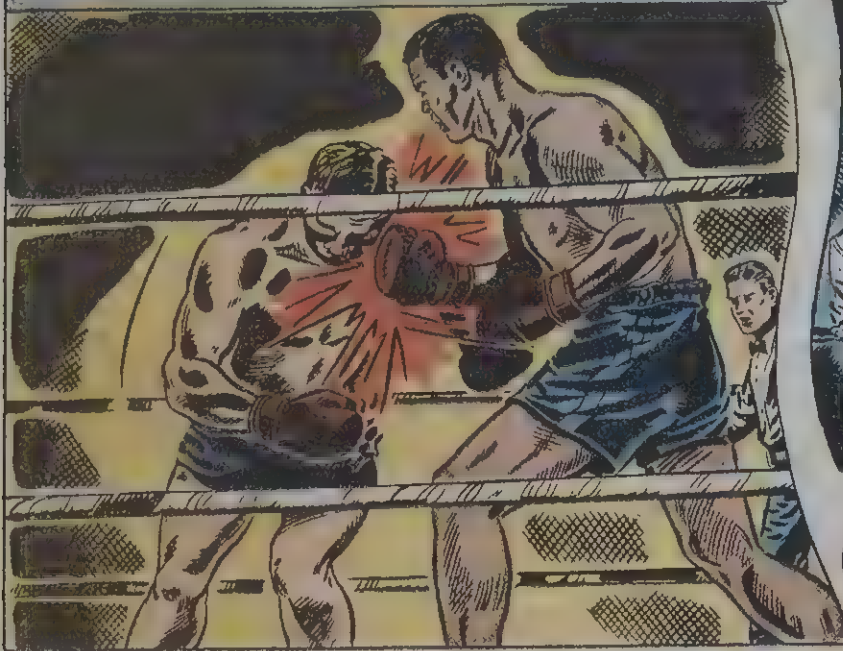


Dazed, Louis climbed back into the ring at the count of four and gallantly waded into the angry Goliath!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

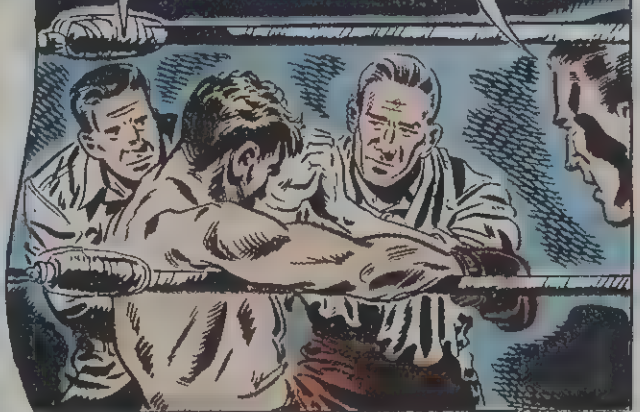
Furiously the battle raged! Buddy fought courageously, but he was outgunned by the cannonading gloves of the champion! A thunderous right hand made it obvious in the sixth round that Joe was master of all the Baers!



Buddy toppled twice more before the round ended! When the bell rang to begin the seventh round...

HE'S TOO GROGGY!

LOUIS WINS BY A KAYO!



HIS NAME IS BILLY CONN - THE LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! HE'S THE FASTEST, SMARTEST BOXER AROUND! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT HIM NEXT MONTH!



That victory ended Joe's famous campaign!

YOU'VE ALREADY DEFENDED YOUR TITLE MORE THAN ANY OTHER HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IN HISTORY, JOE! CAN'T YOU QUIT NOW?

I WISH I COULD FOR YOUR SAKE, MOTHER. BUT THERE'S A **REAL** CHALLENGER FOR MY CROWN NOW!



As Joe again prepared to defend his title -- his partisans were worried!

JOE LOOKS SLOW IN TRAINING TODAY! HE ISN'T GETTING ANY YOUNGER!

AND JOE'S NEVER SEEN ANYBODY AS FAST AS CONN!

CONN'S A GREAT BOXER! AND HE'S YOUNG, STRONG AND CONFIDENT! HE'LL WIN IF JOE DOESN'T CATCH HIM BEFORE THE THIRD ROUND!



Billy Conn was equally certain of victory!

I'LL CONFUSE THE CHAMP WITH MY BOXING AND FAST FOOTWORK!

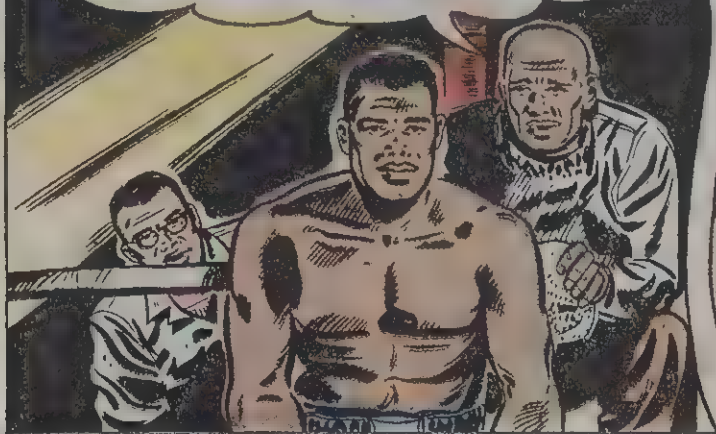
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BILLY!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

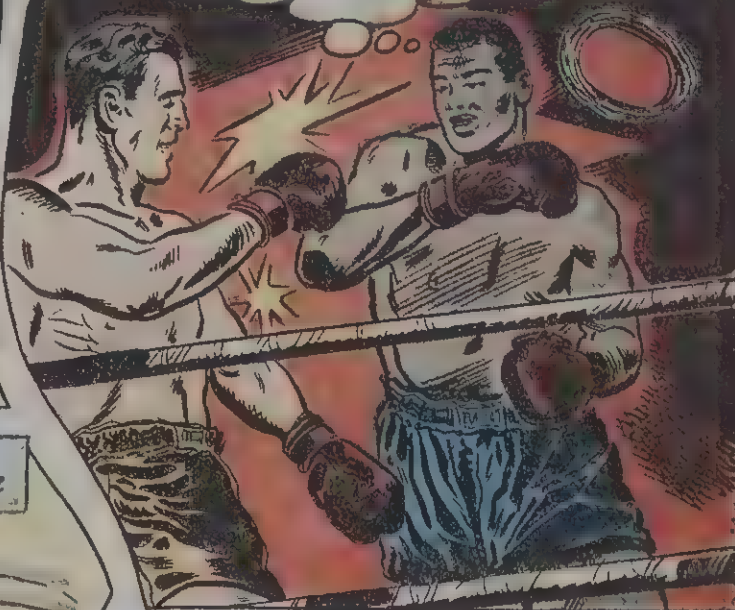
Fifty-five thousand people packed the Polo Grounds to see the battle on June 18, 1941!

CONN IS FAST, CHAPPIE! KEEP STALKING HIM UNTIL YOU CAN NAIL HIM!



During the first two rounds, Joe raked Billy at short range with solid punches!

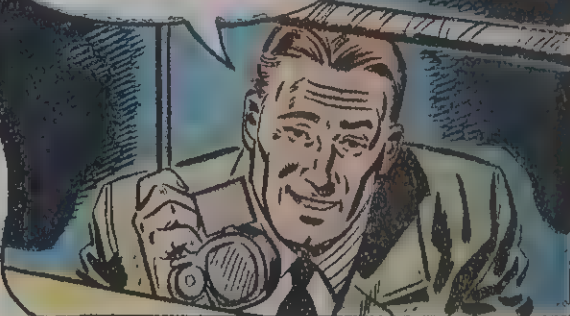
GOT TO SLOW THIS MAN DOWN! OR HE'LL RUN AWAY FROM ME!



In the third round, Billy Conn scored with sharp left hooks! Conn's speed began to make itself felt, as Louis could not get close enough to land effective counters!

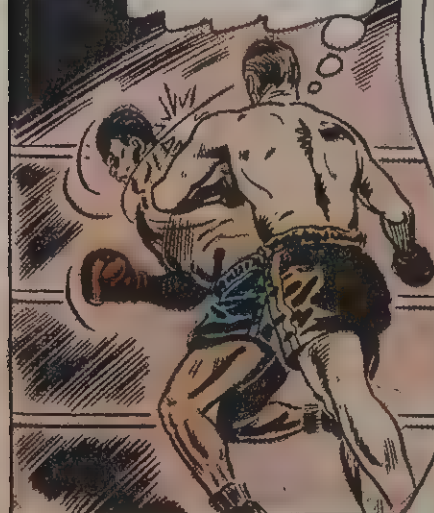


IT'S THE EIGHTH ROUND NOW, FOLKS! LOUIS SEEMS TO BE TIRING! BILLY CONN IS STARTING TO TAKE COMMAND!

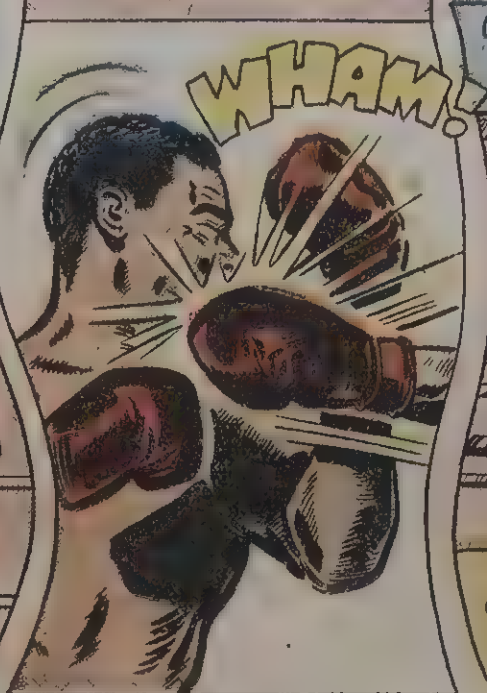


The events of the eighth round seemed to herald the end of Joe's dynasty, as a vicious left hook sent Louis reeling on the brink of oblivion!

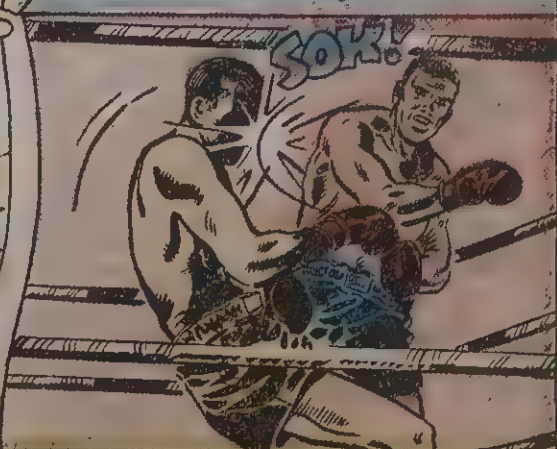
LOUIS IS THROUGH! I'M GOING TO KNOCK HIM OUT!



Again and again, Conn's stinging left thundered home!



Courage was Joe's only ally for the ensuing rounds, but in the thirteenth, even it seemed futile as...



Eager for the kill, Conn rocked the champion with a snake-like volley. But Joe was all fighting man and, determined to go down swinging, he lashed out his right and --

JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Conn was hurt! Quicker than a cat, Louis followed up his attack! A right uppercut snapped Billy's head back! Then a battering volley of rights and lefts floored Billy!

LOOK AT THAT JOE!
WHAT A CHAMP!

CRACK!

EIGHT-NINE-TEN!
YOU'RE OUT!

THE WINNER -- AND **STILL** CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD!
JOE LOUIS!

HURRAY!

THAT WAS
A CLOSE CALL,
JOE! YOU
HAD TO
KAYO
CONN!

IT TOOK A
LOT OF
DOING,
THOUGH!

By now, the war was drawing
closer to our shores!

EXTRA! Daily Chronicle
**NAZIS INVADE
RUSSIA!**
U.S. PREPARES TO DEFEND
ITSELF AGAINST AGGRESSORS!
WASHINGTON ANNOUNCES...

In the swelling thunder of war guns, the Louis one-round knockout of Jim Robinson was almost overlooked! Then came his bout with Lou Nova, which ended one second before the bell for the finish of the sixth round!

HE'S HAD
ENOUGH, JOE!

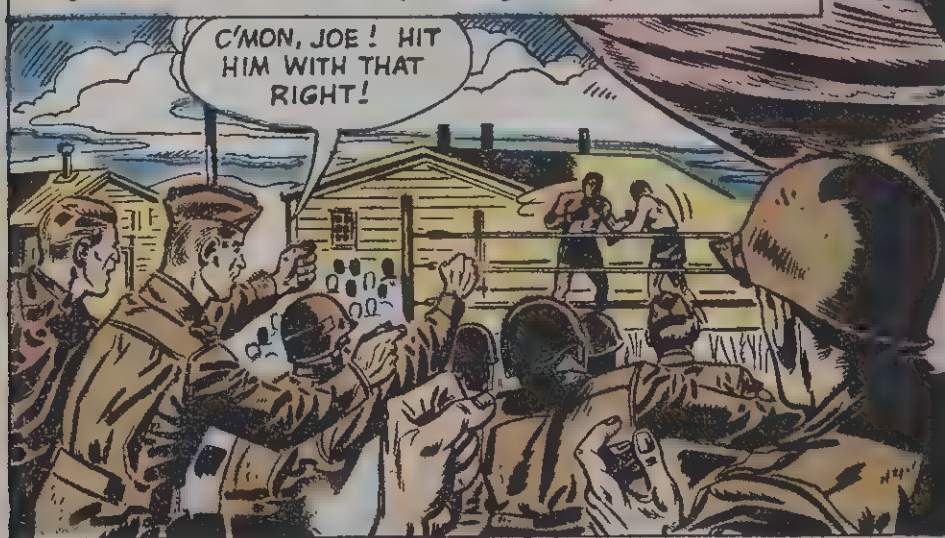
NOVA'S SO-CALLED
"COSMIC PUNCH"
DIDN'T HELP
HIM AGAINST
LOUIS!

I'M GLAD JOE
DIDN'T GET HURT!
WE'VE GOT HIM
CLASSIFIED I-A IN
THE DRAFT! HE'LL
BE A SOLDIER
SOON!

DRAFT BOARD

JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Awaiting his call to service, Joe Louis embarked on a strenuous tour of Army camps...



C'MON, JOE! HIT HIM WITH THAT RIGHT!

HOW ABOUT AN INTERVIEW FOR THE CAMP NEWSPAPER?

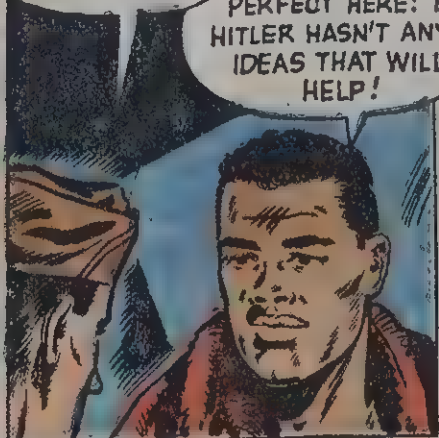
ALL RIGHT! BUT FOLKS WILL TELL YOU I'M NOT MUCH OF A TALKER!



YOUR RACE HASN'T BEEN TREATED TOO WELL IN THIS COUNTRY! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL RESENT BEING ASKED TO GO TO WAR?

THINGS AREN'T PERFECT HERE! BUT HITLER HASN'T ANY IDEAS THAT WILL HELP!

NOT MUCH OF A TALKER, EH? HE SAID MORE IN THOSE FEW WORDS THAN MOST OF THE HIGH-BROWS WHO ARGUE ABOUT THE MEANING OF THIS WAR! IT'S NO WONDER JOE'S A NATIONAL HERO!



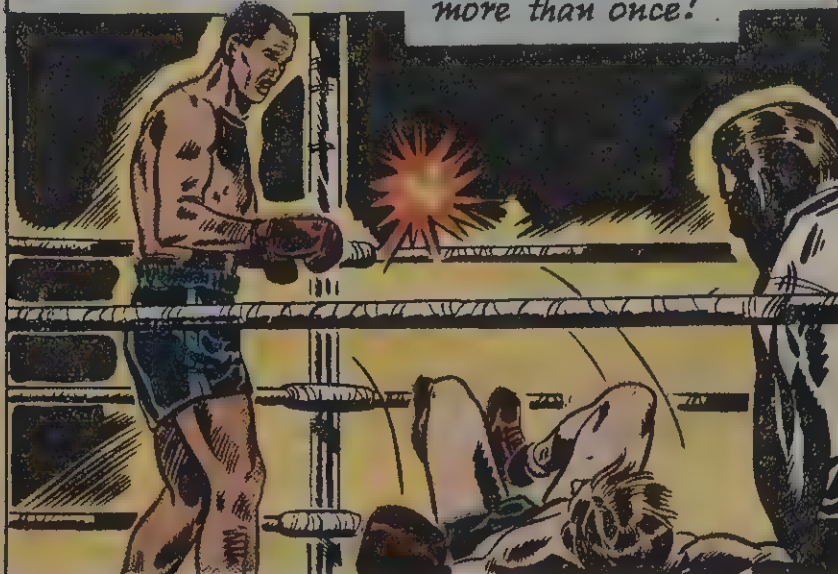
For the benefit of Navy Emergency Relief, Joe Louis agreed to defend his title against Buddy Baer once again, turning over his entire purse to the relief fund! But on the night of the title bout...

I--I DON'T FEEL GOOD, JOE! I CAN'T MAKE IT UP THOSE RING STEPS!

COME WITH ME, CHAPPIE! I PROMISE YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO UP THOSE STEPS MORE THAN ONCE!



Joe Louis kept his promise to ailing Jack Blackburn! The knockout came in the first round-- and Blackburn never did have to climb the ring steps more than once!



Three days later, Joe Louis volunteered as a private in the Army!

WE'VE ONLY GOT TWO SIZES, JOE! TOO BIG AND TOO SMALL!

GUESS MR. HITLER ISN'T WORRIED ABOUT STYLE!

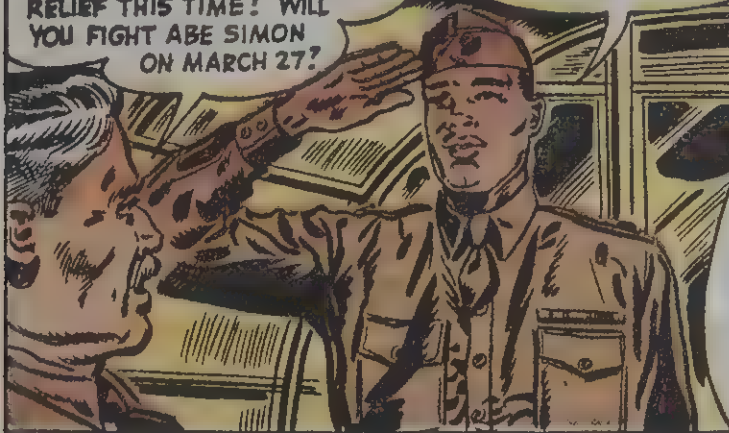


JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

Three weeks later...

WE'D LIKE YOU TO RISK YOUR TITLE AGAIN, JOE -- FOR ARMY RELIEF THIS TIME! WILL YOU FIGHT ABE SIMON ON MARCH 27?

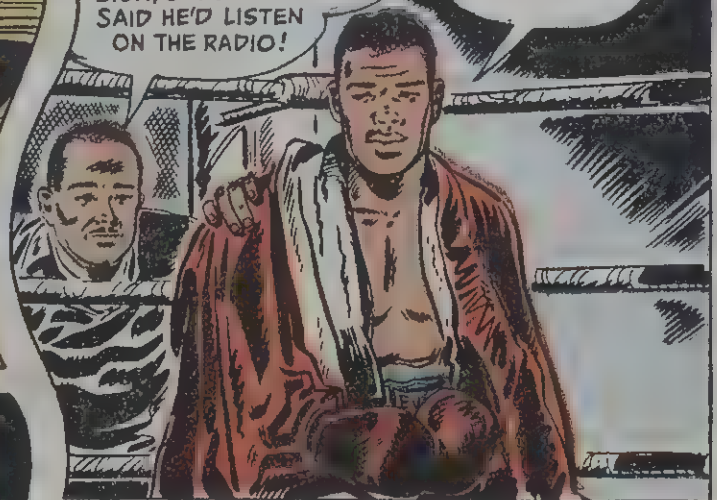
I'LL BE GLAD TO, SIR! BUT I'D LIKE TO HAVE JACK BLACKBURN HELP WITH MY TRAINING!



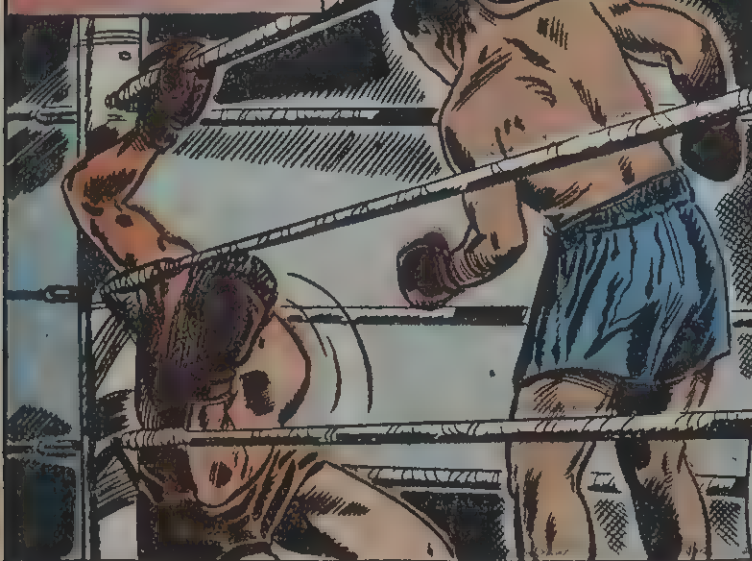
But on the night of March 27, Jack Blackburn failed to be in Joe's corner for the first time in his career...

JACK CALLED FROM THE HOSPITAL! HE'S PRETTY SICK, JOE! BUT HE SAID HE'D LISTEN ON THE RADIO!

I WON'T DISAPPOINT HIM!

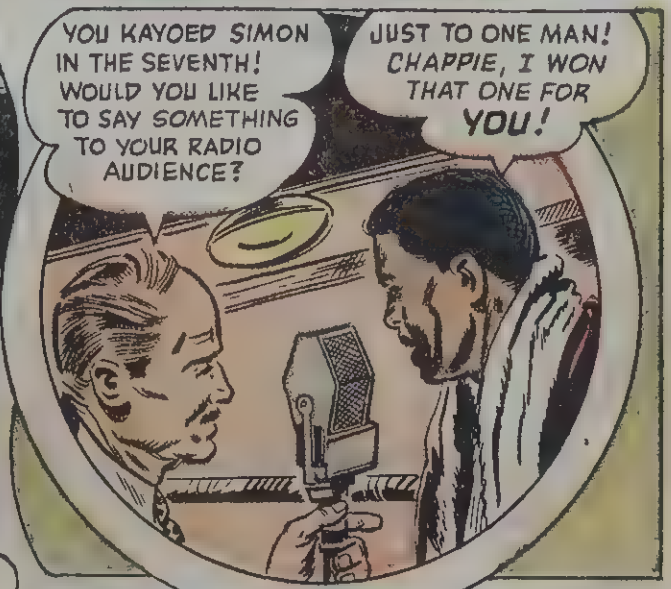


Tough as big Abe Simon was, it availed him nothing against Joe's promise to his friend and teacher!



YOU KAYOED SIMON IN THE SEVENTH! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY SOMETHING TO YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE?

JUST TO ONE MAN! CHAPPIE, I WON THAT ONE FOR YOU!



As Joe's fame spread, he was called on for more public appearances! One night in Madison Square Garden...

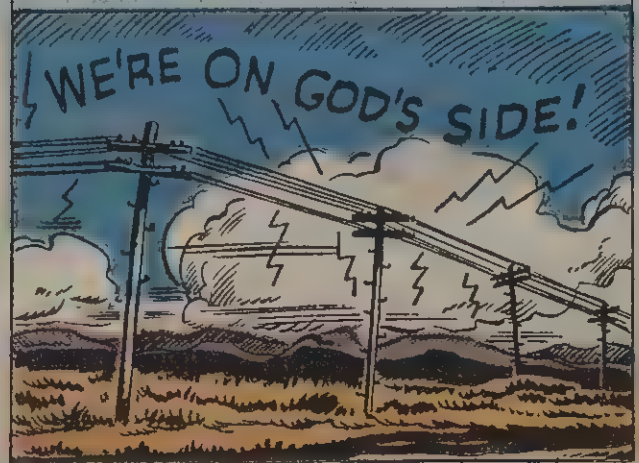
I--I CAN'T GO OUT THERE, MR. JACOBS! ALL THOSE FAMOUS PEOPLE SAID HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO BUY BONDS BETTER THAN I EVER COULD!

JUST SAY IT YOUR WAY, JOE!

WELL, FOLKS, ALL I CAN SAY IS -- KEEP BUYING BONDS! WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR -- BECAUSE WE'RE ON GOD'S SIDE!



Across the breadth of a nation went the inspiring words! Into the hearts of a people looking for a simple answer to their disturbing questions it brought the certainty of true faith!



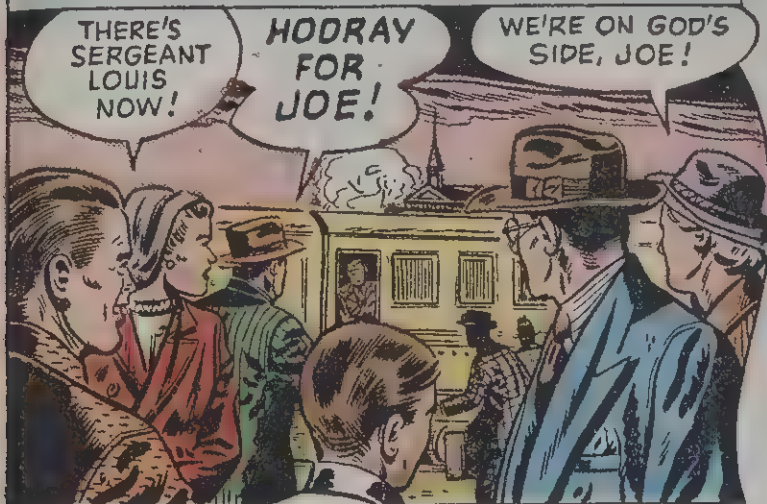
JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

In those few words, Joe Louis summed up the deepest belief of an America he loved! And people flocked to him who had never known or cared about his career as a fighter!

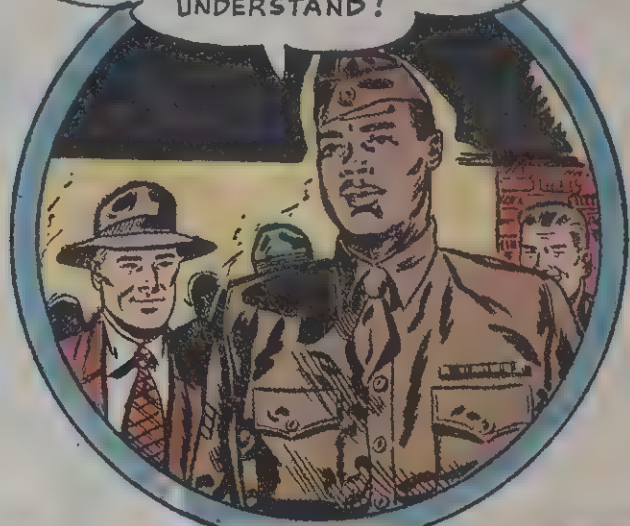
THERE'S SERGEANT LOUIS NOW!

HODRAY FOR JOE!

WE'RE ON GOD'S SIDE, JOE!



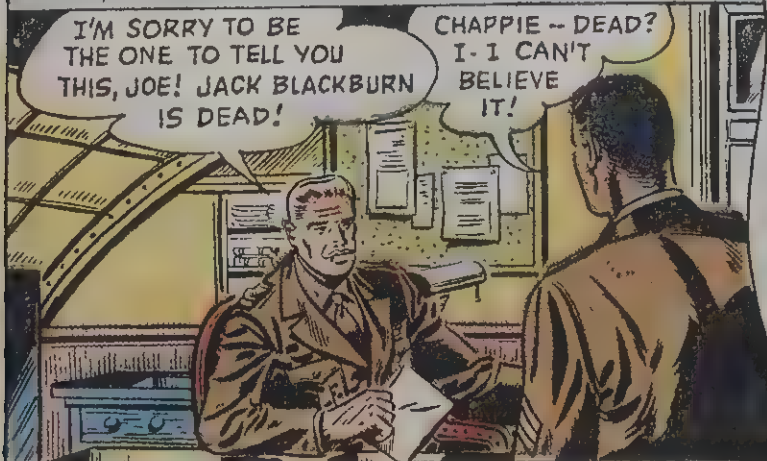
GOLLY-- PEOPLE SURE ARE WONDERFUL! I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID TO TALK TO THEM AGAIN! WHATEVER I WANT TO SAY WILL GET ACROSS! THEY'LL UNDERSTAND!



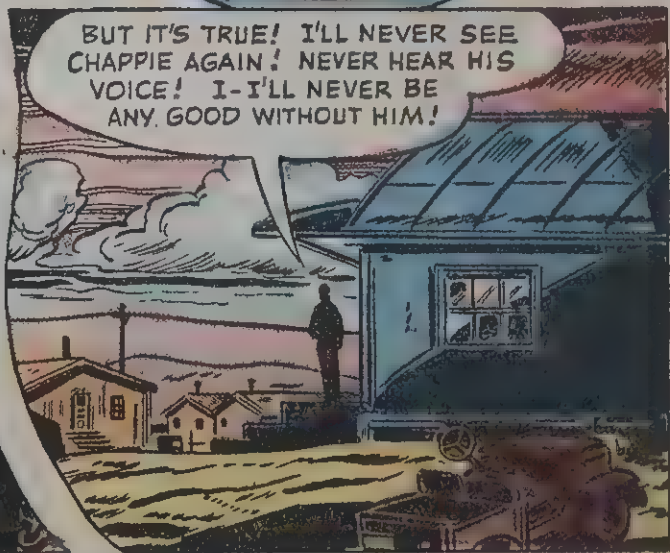
But later Joe Louis received the deepest hurt of his life...

I'M SORRY TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU THIS, JOE! JACK BLACKBURN IS DEAD!

CHAPPIE -- DEAD? I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



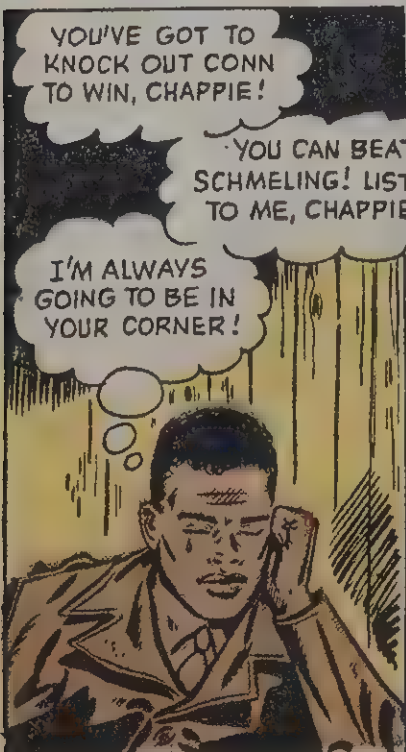
BUT IT'S TRUE! I'LL NEVER SEE CHAPPIE AGAIN! NEVER HEAR HIS VOICE! I-I'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD WITHOUT HIM!



YOU'VE GOT TO KNOCK OUT CONN TO WIN, CHAPPIE!

YOU CAN BEAT SCHMELING! LISTEN TO ME, CHAPPIE!

I'M ALWAYS GOING TO BE IN YOUR CORNER!



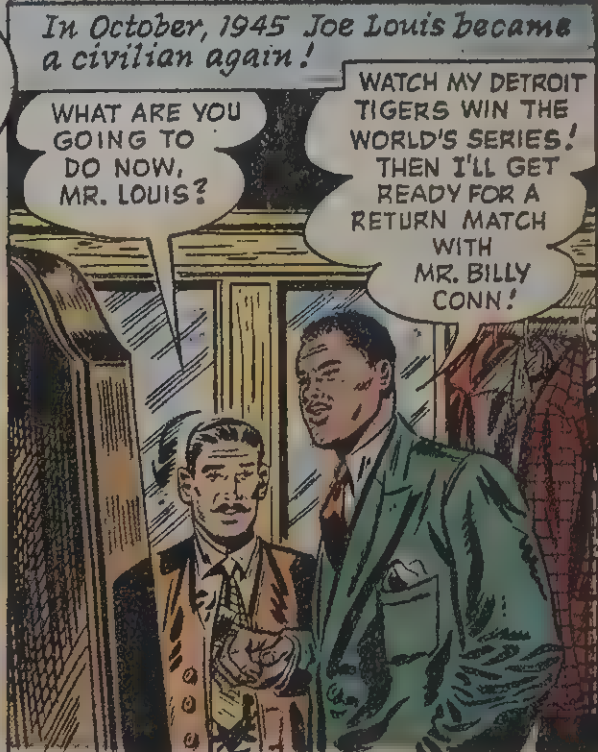
CHAPPIE WOULDN'T WANT ME TO QUIT WITH ANY KIND OF A BLOT ON MY RECORD! I-I'VE GOT TO FIGHT BILLY CONN AGAIN -- **FOR HIM!**



In October, 1945 Joe Louis became a civilian again!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, MR. LOUIS?

WATCH MY DETROIT TIGERS WIN THE WORLD'S SERIES! THEN I'LL GET READY FOR A RETURN MATCH WITH MR. BILLY CONN!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

The Louis-Conn return match was one of the hottest attractions the boxing profession ever had known! Would the speedy Conn lift the crown from the head of an aging Louis?

JOE IS RING RUSTY! HE'S BEEN OUT OF THE RING FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS NOW!

JOE'S THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD!

BILLY CONN IS AS FAST AS EVER! AND HE'S DEVELOPED A PUNCH, TOO!

Joe's answer to Billy's strategy has become a classic of ring lore!

HE CAN RUN -- BUT HE CAN'T HIDE!

At last the night of June 19, 1946, arrived! A crowd of nearly fifty thousand people paid almost two million dollars to see Louis and Conn in action!

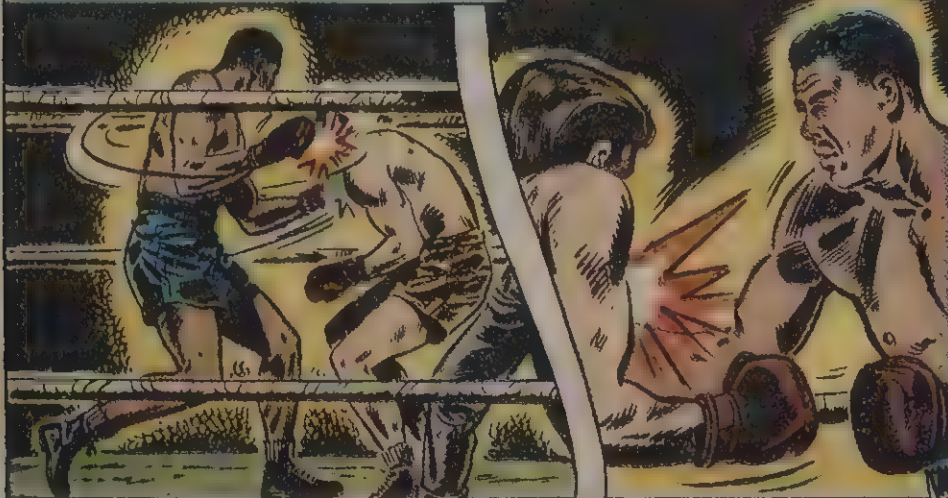
I HOPE THE CHAMP DOESN'T DISAPPOINT US!

I'M AFRAID CONN WILL OUTBOX HIM!

To the amazement of the crowd, Joe Louis actually outboxed the dashing Billy Conn during the early rounds! Louis was moving fast, wasting no motion as he stalked the challenger!

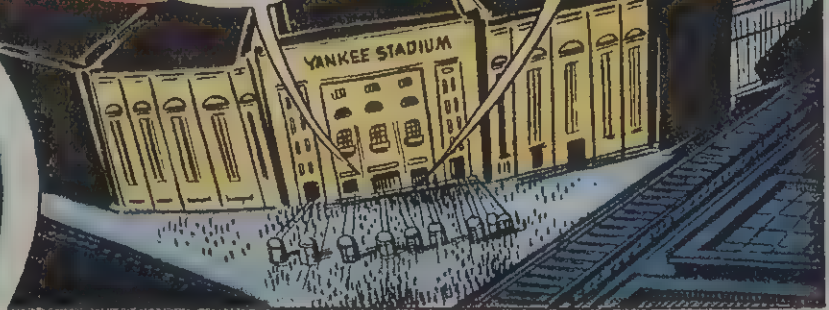
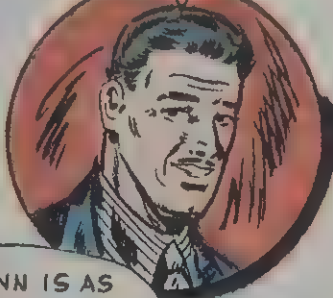
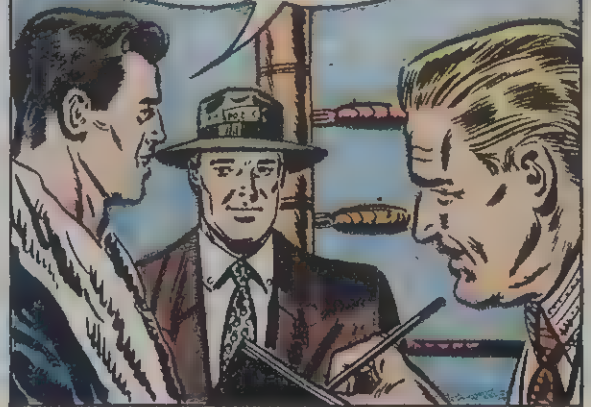
Louis proved himself to be a superb boxer! He out-jabbed Billy two to one, and in the sixth round, he cornered Billy and ripped a right to the body!

In the seventh round, Louis went in for the kill! He staggered Billy with a left to the head, and two bruising rights! Then a murderous assault dropped valiant Billy Conn for the full count!

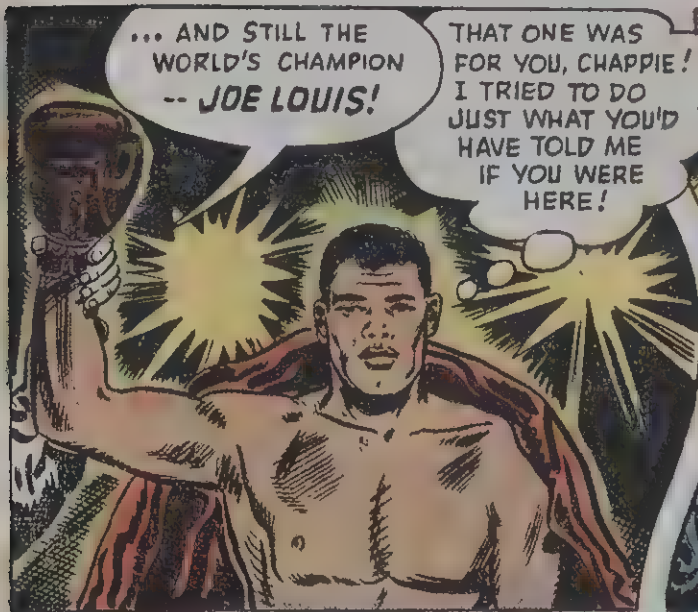


At the Billy Conn training camp, the challenger outlined his plan of battle!

I'LL USE PLENTY OF FOOTWORK! JOE WILL GET TIRED OF CHASING ME IN THE EARLY ROUNDS! I'M GOING TO DO PLENTY OF RUNNING!



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS



... AND STILL THE
WORLD'S CHAMPION
-- JOE LOUIS!

THAT ONE WAS
FOR YOU, CHAPPIE!
I TRIED TO DO
JUST WHAT YOU'D
HAVE TOLD ME
IF YOU WERE
HERE!



Later, in his dressing room...

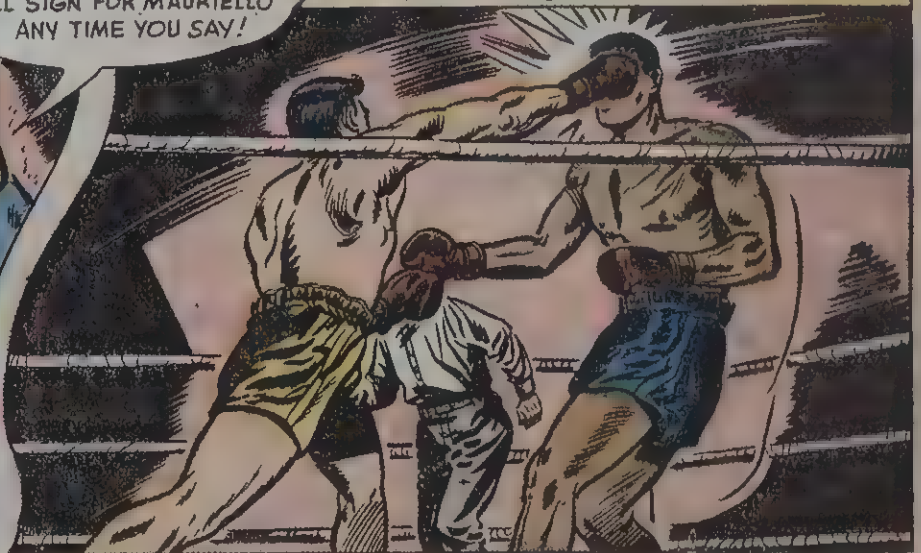
YOU SURPRISED US ALL,
JOE! YOU WERE IN
BETTER CONDITION
THAN BILLY
CONN!

At the Twentieth Century Sporting Club...

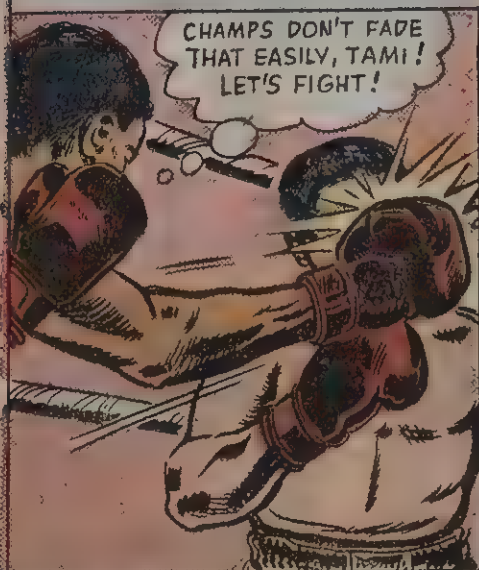
I KNOW YOU'D LIKE A REST, JOE!
BUT THE FANS WANT TO SEE YOU
FIGHT TAMI MAURIELLO! TAMI
HITS LIKE A MULE WITH
HIS RIGHT, SO IF YOU'D
LIKE TO FIND SOMEONE
EASIER...

A CHAMPION EITHER
FIGHTS THE BEST MAN
AROUND--OR HE RETIRES!
I'LL SIGN FOR MAURIELLO
ANY TIME YOU SAY!

On September 18, the fightingest champion of
all time defended his title once again! The
bout was hardly ten seconds old when the
ever dangerous Mauriello landed his
explosive right!

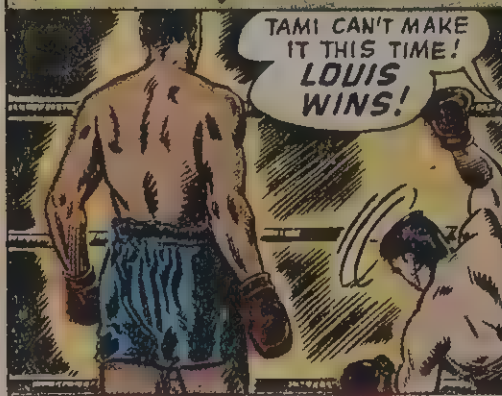


Louis was sent careening back
into the ropes! The crowd screamed
with excitement as Mauriello
closed in confidently! But Joe
retaliated as befitted a monarch!



CHAMPS DON'T FADE
THAT EASILY, TAMI!
LET'S FIGHT!

Another whistling left and right
dropped Mauriello! Tami got up
gamely, and ran into a typhoon of
flying leather! He went down
for a nine count, and when he got
up, the champion nailed him with
hammerlike rights and lefts!

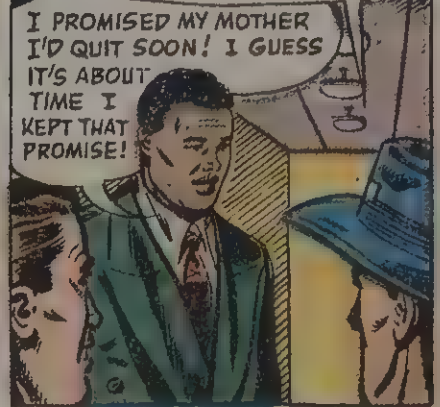


TAMI CAN'T MAKE
IT THIS TIME!
**LOUIS
WINS!**

After the sensational one-
round knockout...

YOU'VE DEFENDED THE TITLE
TWENTY-THREE TIMES IN NINE
YEARS, JOE! WHEN DO YOU
PLAN TO HANG UP YOUR GLOVES?

I PROMISED MY MOTHER
I'D QUIT SOON! I GUESS
IT'S ABOUT
TIME I
KEPT THAT
PROMISE!

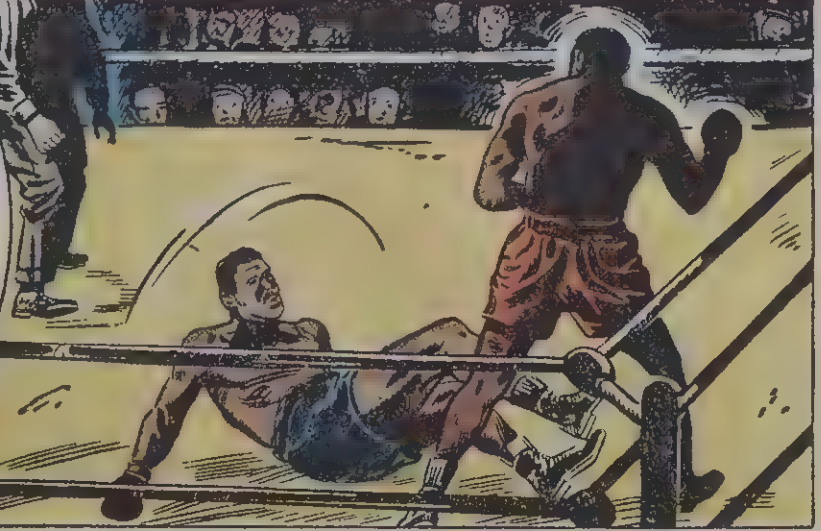


JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

BUT JERSEY JOE WALCOTT WANTS A DECEMBER MATCH WITH YOU FOR THE TITLE, JOE!

OKAY, MR. JACOBS, HE'LL GET IT! BUT HE'S THE LAST-- WIN, LOSE OR DRAW!

In the twilight of his glorious career, Joe Louis met his greatest test! On December 5, 1947, he met Jersey Joe Walcott and he was dropped in the very first round!

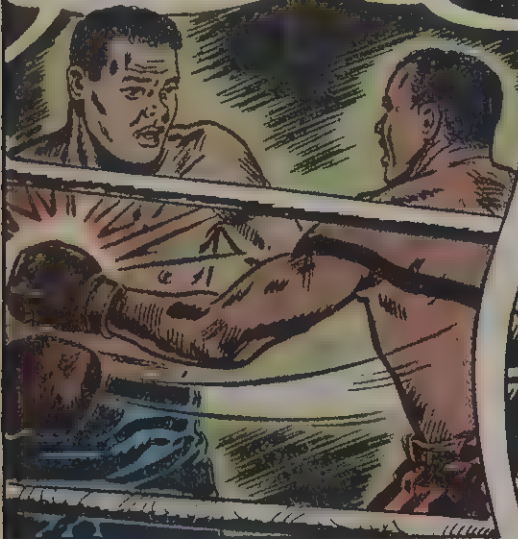


LOUIS GOT UP! BUT WALCOTT'S BEATING HIM TO THE PUNCH!

JOE LOOKS BEWILDERED!

As the astonished crowd roared with amazement, Joe Louis tried in vain to stem Jersey Joe's onslaught! In the fourth round, Louis was dropped again with a hard right smash!

Louis took a seven-count that time! He seemed listless and unable to shake off punishment! Was this the end of the longest reign in the history of heavy-weight champions?



I'M NOT MYSELF TONIGHT! BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! IF I LOSE, I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!



Like the great champion he was, the Brown Bomber recovered from his two early knockdowns! Thereafter he continued a grim pursuit of the elusive Jersey Joe Walcott!

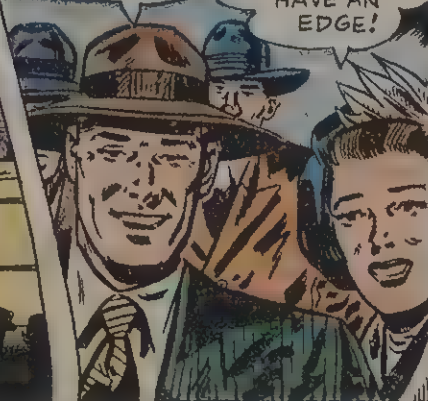
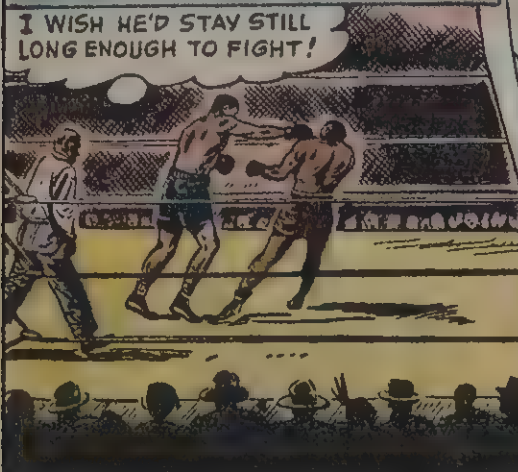
But when the bell rang to end the fifteenth round...

LOUIS NEVER DID CATCH UP WITH HIM! BUT HE FORCED ALL THE FIGHTING-- SO HE DESERVES TO WIN!

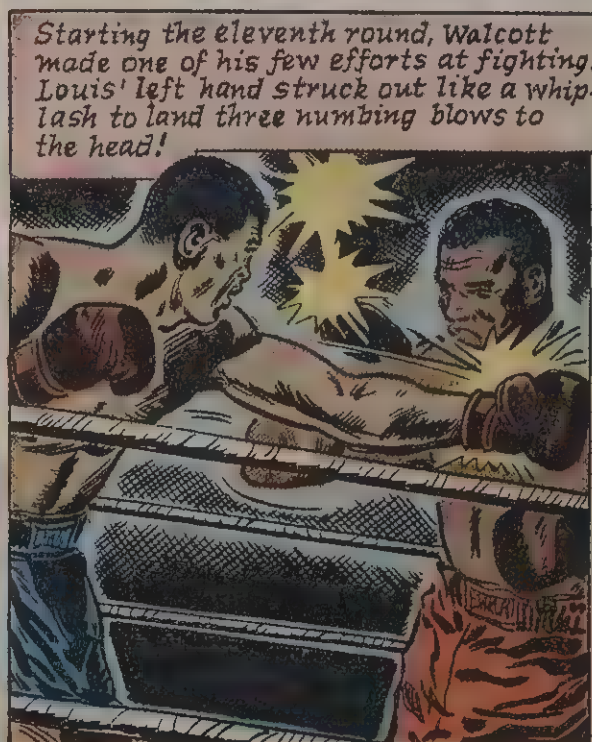
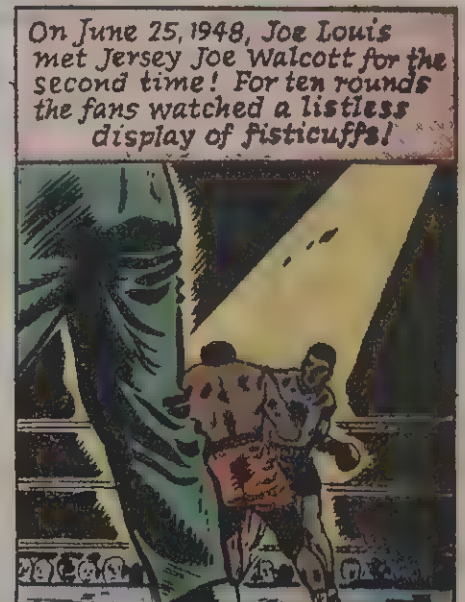
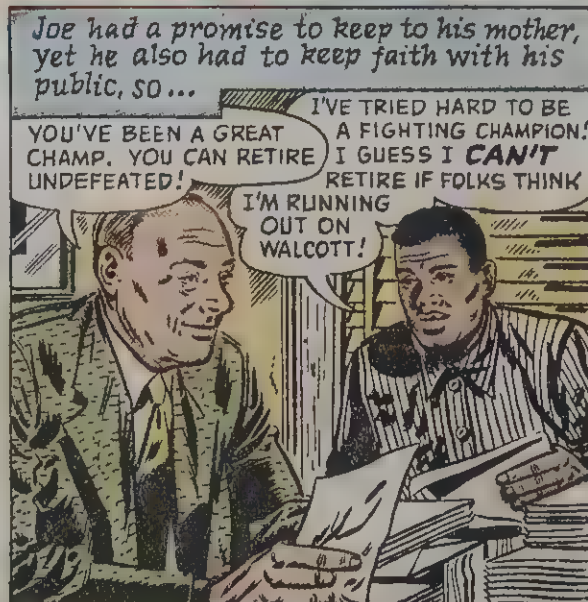
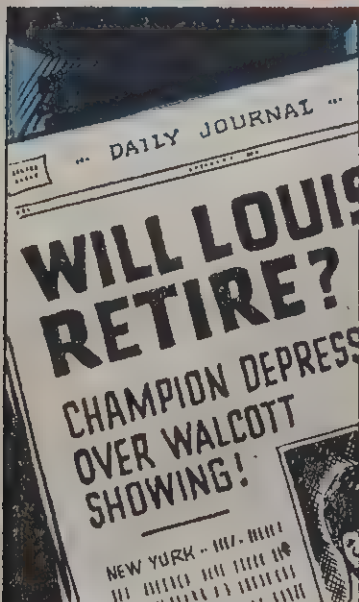
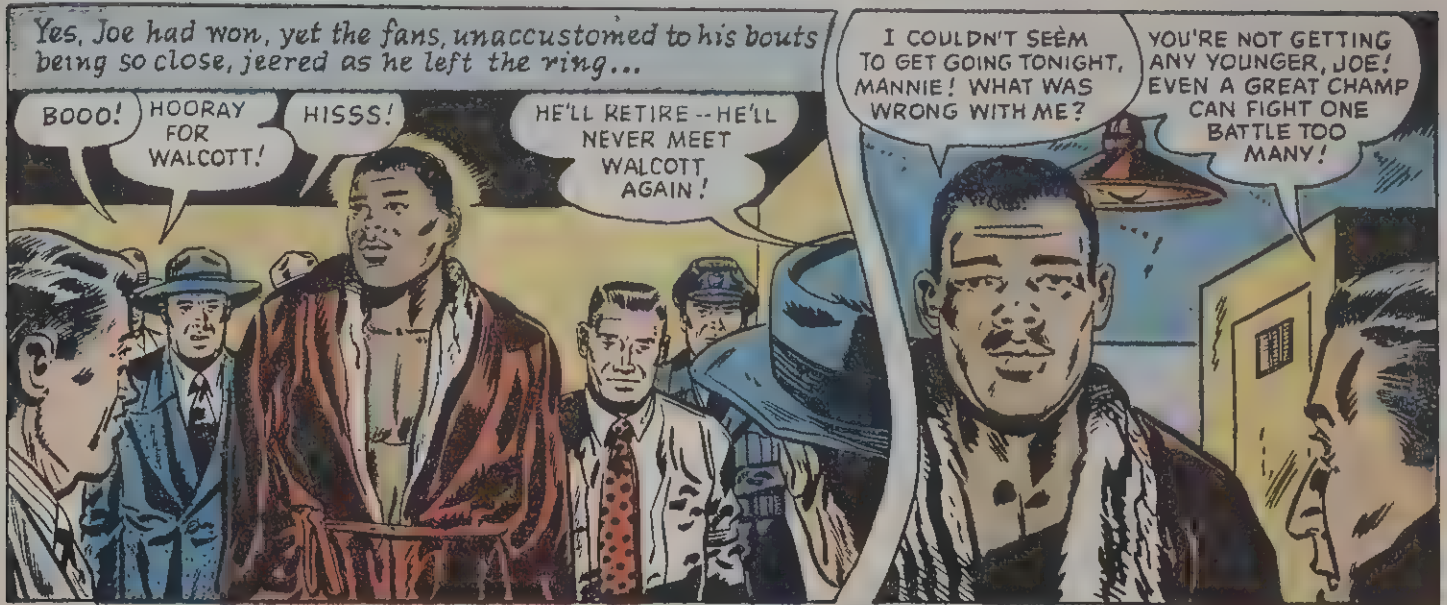
IT WAS CLOSE, BUT JOE DID HAVE AN EDGE!

A hush fell over Madison Square Garden! Would the announcer's word signal the end of Joe Louis' long rule!

THE REFEREE AWARDS THE BATTLE TO WALCOTT! BUT THE TWO JUDGES VOTE FOR JOE LOUIS! THEREFORE, THE WINNER IS... **LOUIS!**

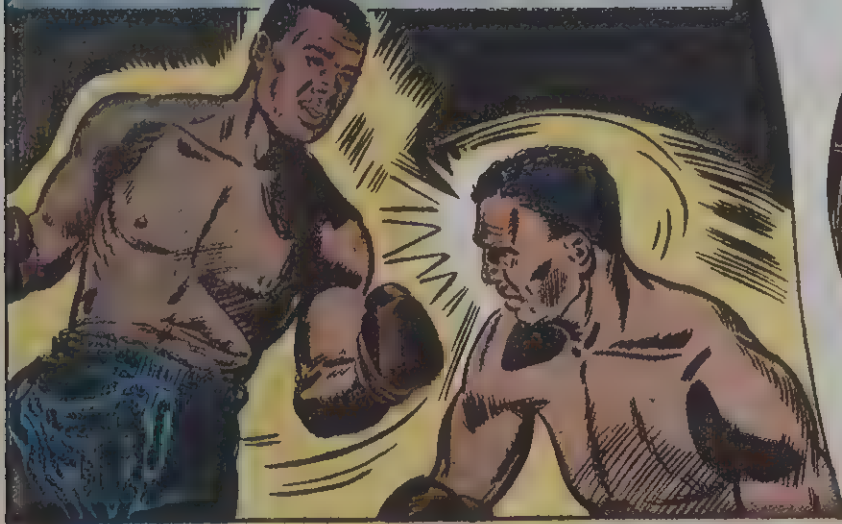


JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS



JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

For one blazing instant, Joe Louis became the Dark Destroyer of old! A tempest of blows broke about Jersey Joe Walcott! **REELING FROM THE BARRAGE, WALCOTT WENT DOWN AND OUT!**



THE WINNER BY A KNOCKOUT AND **STILL** HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD -- **JOE LOUIS!**

HOORAY!

YIPPEE!



ANYTHING TO TELL THE RADIO AUDIENCE, JOE?

HELLO, MOTHER. THIS IS FOR YOU! THIS WAS MY LAST FIGHT!



Like surf beating on a shore, thundering applause surged up to Joe Louis as he climbed out through the ropes! Once again the Brown Bomber had put the most valued crown in fistiana on the line -- and wore it away from the battle!



YES, I MEANT WHAT I SAID OUT THERE! I'VE DONE WHAT I SET OUT TO DO, AND MOM DOESN'T WANT ME TO GET HURT ANYMORE! I'M GETTING OLDER, AND THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD!

THEY'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, JOE!

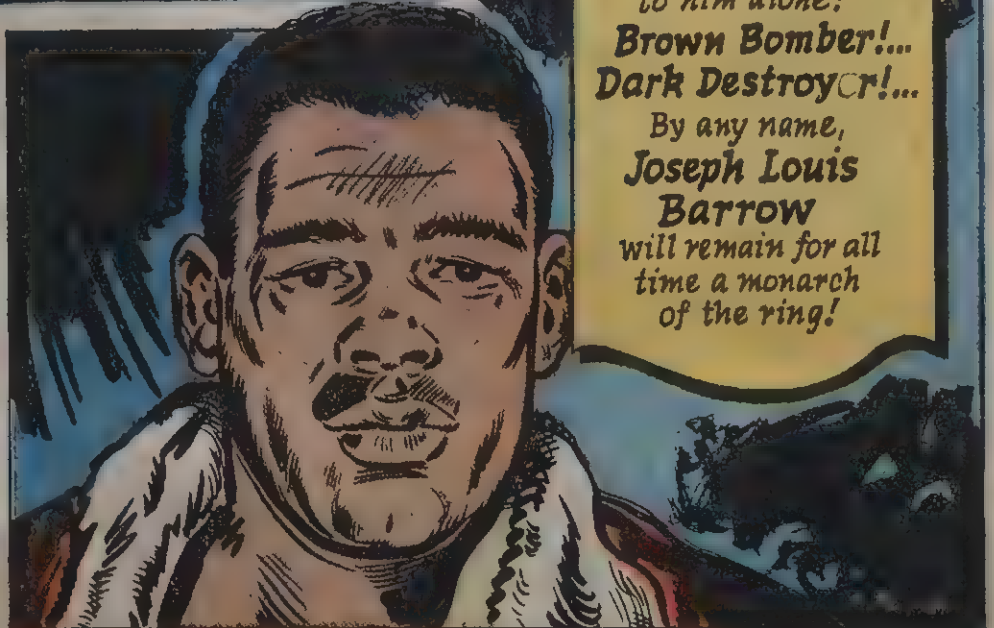


Forget him? No one who has seen the lightning that was in these gloves will ever erase that memory from his mind! It is were the gloves of a champion whose deeds will ring down through the pages of ringdom's future histories!



In the annals of fistiana, there is a place which belongs to him alone! **Brown Bomber!... Dark Destroyer!...**

By any name, **Joseph Louis Barrow** will remain for all time a monarch of the ring!





TIGER IN THE RING

By William Woolfolk

STANLEY Ketchell, the Michigan Assassin! Dusty record books attest to his greatness, and even yet his name is spoken with respect wherever fighting folk gather. Boxing experts class him as the number one middleweight of all time and few dispute the designation. However, at the turn of the century, Ketchell needed no partisan arguments to establish his worth. He ruled the roost with flying fists, and the swift oblivion of a knockout was the reward of those who dared defy him. Indeed, so far above the crowd was Ketchell that fans questioned not the outcome of his bouts, but wondered rather how long his latest victim could stand before the fierce attack. Little wonder then that most middleweights found urgent business elsewhere when a Ketchell contest was suggested.

But there was one voice raised constantly in dissent—the Irish tenor of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. This boxing master regarded Stanley as a crude amateur, and contempt tinged his every comment. Jack was confident that his twinkle toes and paint brush left hand were more than enough to turn the Michigan Wildcat into a well-disciplined tabby. He clamored for a chance to prove his point, boasting that not only would he accomplish the incredible feat of going the distance with Ketchell, but would hand him a boxing lesson in the process.

They met on March 26, 1909, at the National Club. As they awaited the opening bell, Philadelphia Jack looked across the ring at his lean-faced, strongly-built opponent, with the black shock of hair rising fiercely off his glowering brow. Michigan Terror, Aberdeen Assassin, in that moment O'Brien understood how well Stanley Ketchell had merited those names.

But he wasn't worried. Philadelphia Jack had worked long and hard at his trade of boxing, and he had perfected a style that would baffle any opponent. Stanley Ketchell might have been a rampaging terror to everyone else he fought, but he would encounter a different problem tonight. No fury, no brawn, could break through the defenses of a thoroughly-schooled boxer. There would be no knockout tonight—unless O'Brien accomplished it.

At the bell, Ketchell ripped out of his corner and came for O'Brien. Jack moved lightly away from him, and deftly worked a left jab

into the face. Ketchell was stopped for the moment. Then headed in savagely once more. Again the left jab greeted him. Light as a feather on his feet, O'Brien moved easily away from the determined attack of Stanley. Ketchell was still trying futilely to come to grips with him when the round ended.

"You handled him beautifully," said his manager. "But be careful, Jack. He's dangerous."

"I've seen what he can do," Jack answered. "But he can't hurt me unless he can hit me. And there's no chance of that."

Through the second round Philadelphia Jack O'Brien again demonstrated his boxing mastery. His left jab worked like a piston, and he sidestepped the crude, angry rushes of the Michigan Assassin, except for one worried moment when Ketchell's swinging right hand smashed home viciously to O'Brien's eye.

Except for that brief flurry, Stanley Ketchell's savagery availed him nothing against the grace and dexterity of the master ringman from Philadelphia. Through the third and fourth rounds Ketchell was kept at bay, baffled and raging. It appeared as if Jack would make good his boasts in spades. This was not a mere boxing lesson Jack was dishing out. It was virtually a college education in the art of self-defense.

But in the fifth round Ketchell managed to get in close and work both fists to the body. Jack felt the blows deep inside of him. Some of the strength flowed out of his legs.

"Did he hurt you, Jack?" was the worried question between rounds in his corner.

"Not much—but I won't give him another chance to get in close. He throws rocks."

In the sixth round Philadelphia Jack O'Brien found it harder and harder to evade Ketchell's rushes. The flicking left, the quick sidestep, the artful clinching, that had been more than enough to baffle all his previous opponents, failed to discourage the Aberdeen Assassin. Relentlessly, he moved ever forward at O'Brien.

Then another right opened a cut over Jack's good eye. He saw Ketchell coming at him, snarling, the gloves shooting in like bursting rockets. Jolted again, but he struck back with a crashing left hand, and saw the claret flow from Stanley Ketchell's nose. That would

JOE LOUIS, CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS

teach Brother Ketchell not to hold Philadelphia Jack O'Brien too lightly!

"He felt that one," said Jack with some satisfaction as he sat down on the stool in his corner. Yet his bones ached with weariness, and when he drew a breath it grated against the inside of his chest. Ten rounds was going to be longer than he thought.

"Don't try to slug with him, Jack. He can punch through the side of a wall. He'll gladly take three of your blows to get in one of his own."

In the seventh round Ketchell nailed Jack along the ropes. He whaled away furiously with both fists, while Jack tried vainly to grab at his arms. Jack stumbled and fell. When he got up, Ketchell was on him like a madman.

O'Brien kept his head. He had been hurt before. Cagily, he watched Ketchell bobbing and weaving before him. Leather thundered around him from those fusillading fists. But he saved all his strength and put it behind a cracking right hand to the jaw.

It caught Stanley Ketchell flush, and staggered him. Over anxious, Jack swung his right again, and missed. Gone was his golden chance for a surprise kayo.

Then Ketchell was upon him again, bobbing his head from one side to the other, trying to set him up for those crushing blows to the head and body. His great skill enabled him to elude the majority. But some landed—hard!

"You're hurt, Jack," said his manager. "Run for it. You've got to go the distance."

Philadelphia Jack painfully moved swollen lips. "He can't knock me out. I've outboxed him so far, and I can keep on doing it."

In the eighth round Jack jabbed and ran. But Ketchell managed to get inside of his guard, and hit him with terrible blows to the body. O'Brien fought gamely, but it was hero's work to keep off the terror from Michigan. Ketchell was tireless, inhuman.

The crowd's voice rose. They scented the kill. But when the bell rang, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was still on his feet.

"You can't make it, Jack. Shall I throw in the towel?"

It was his manager speaking. After a hazy moment Jack saw who it was, and then the words registered.

"No," he said. Why did the words sound like a croak, even to his own ears? How *badly* was he hurt? "I said I'd go the distance and I will!"

Ketchell charged out of his corner for the ninth. He brushed aside Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's left jab, and hammered at his side,

Jack flinched and his guard came down. Ketchell blasted him with a right and left to the head. Somehow Jack O'Brien stayed on his feet. But the ring was spinning and the roar of the crowd seemed far away.

Ketchell measured him and shot home a left hook to the jaw. Even courage can accomplish just so much. Slowly, the dancing master began to topple. O'Brien was down. He clung to the ropes, and dragged himself erect by the count of nine. He'd go the limit or bust! Ketchell leapt at him. A right started the eye to bleeding again, and a left closed the other one. O'Brien reeled before the onslaught.

Ketchell belted him with devastating blows to the body. But still O'Brien refused to go down. He ducked and held on. And from some deep well of bravery found enough strength to land a left jab that started Ketchell's nose bleeding again just at the bell.

Ketchell tore in for the kill at the start of the tenth. He blew apart Jack's defenses and rocked him with cruel wallops inside. Jack was finished. He had nothing left. Nothing except his resolution to last the limit. A right hand sent him careening into the ropes, and a left smashed him down to the boards.

At the count of nine, somehow, he was on his feet again. He was trying with his last atom of strength to avert a knockout. If only he could survive the next minute or two, he'd have made good his claim! But he *couldn't* last it. No man could survive in this hurricane of bruising leather. Reeling, swaying, beaten, helpless. He ducked inside a terrific right. How did he manage to move at all? Even he didn't know the answer.

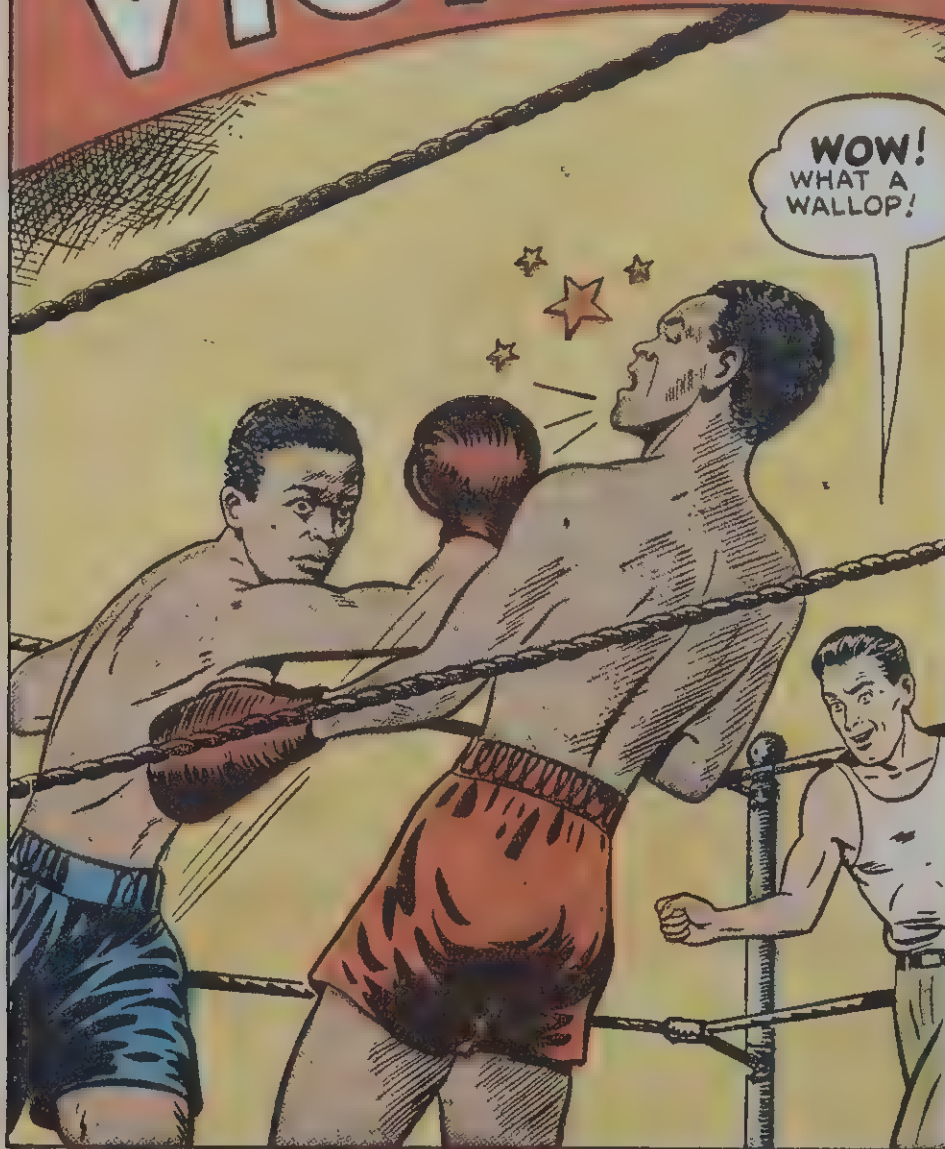
KETCHELL measured him. Again O'Brien weaved drunkenly inside a whizzing right. But he couldn't lift his arms. He tottered away, but the Assassin was upon him. O'Brien tried to duck what was coming, but he couldn't. A murderous left twisted him, dropped him full length. His head struck against the rosin box.

"One, two, three, four . . ."

At the count of four the bell rang. The bout was over. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien had done the impossible. He had lasted the full ten rounds! Not only that! Many of the newspapers credited him with the decision. (At this time no official decisions were recorded.) Jack O'Brien grinned with battered lips. He had kept his proud boast. He had gone the distance with Stanley Ketchell, and given an unforgettable account of himself against a man who was truly a tiger in the ring!

THE END

VICTORY *for* Jimmy



WOW!
WHAT A
WALLOP!

When Jimmy Lafferty learned to box in order to defend himself against bullies, he never realized that his knowledge would enable him to protect more than himself...

YOU'RE A NATURAL FIGHTER, JIMMY! I'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN OUR ATHLETIC CLUB AND REPRESENT US IN A FEW AMATEUR MATCHES!

GOLLY! DO YOU MEAN IT, MR. COLLINS?



OF COURSE I DO! AMATEUR BOXING IS ONE OF THE MOST HEALTHFUL SPORTS FOR YOUNG FELLOWS! IT KEEPS THEM IN TIP-TOP PHYSICAL CONDITION! AND IT'S THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO LEARN THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE!



THEY DON'T CALL AMATEUR BOXING 'SIMON PURE' FOR NOTHING, JIMMY! ALL BOUTS ARE CAREFULLY SUPERVISED BY DOCTORS AND VETERAN RING AUTHORITIES! YOU CAN'T GET HURT-- AND YOU CAN HAVE A LOT OF FUN!

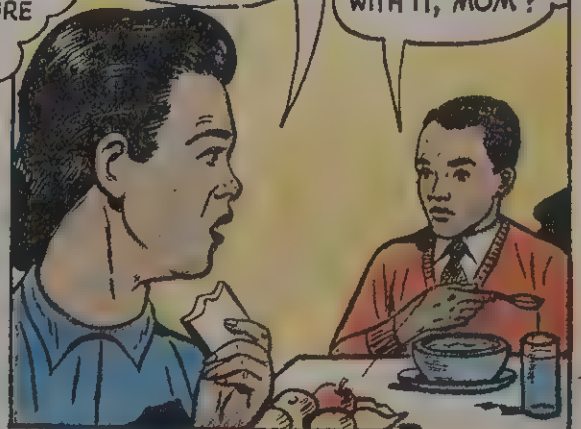


I'LL ASK MOM ABOUT IT TONIGHT! I'M SURE SHE'LL GIVE ME PERMISSION!

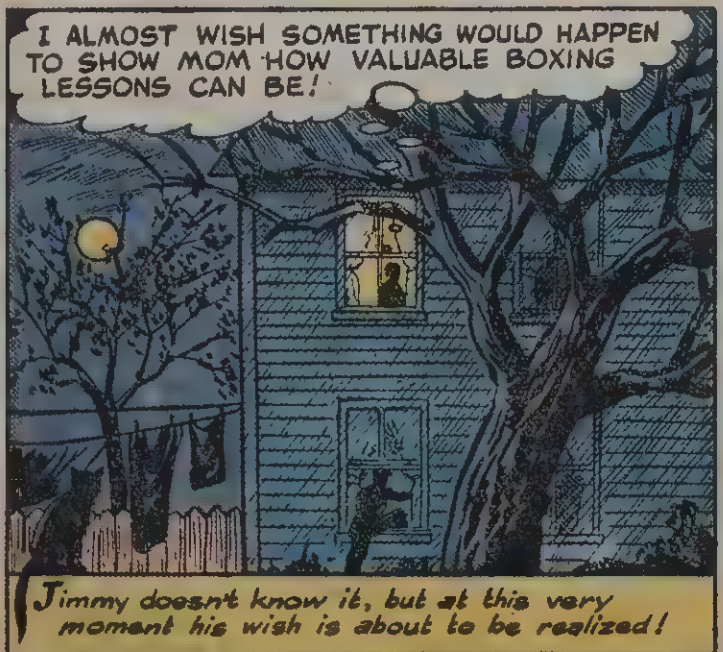
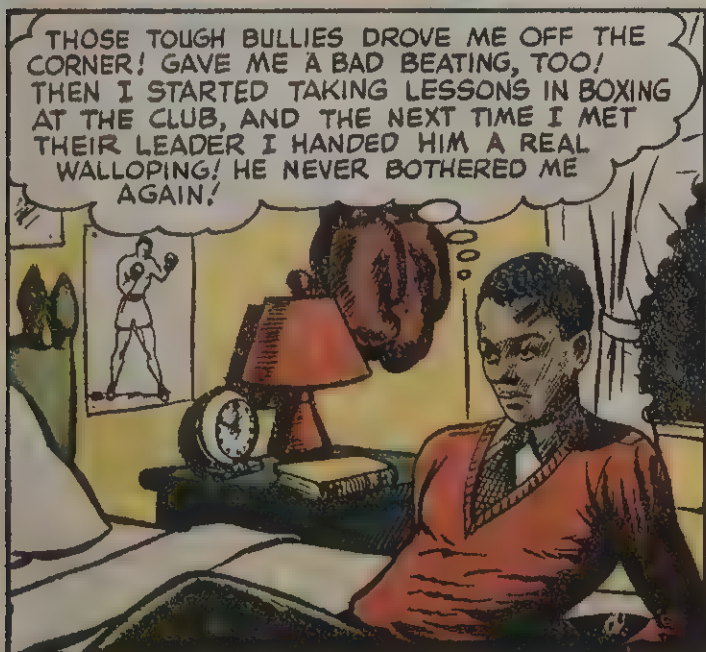
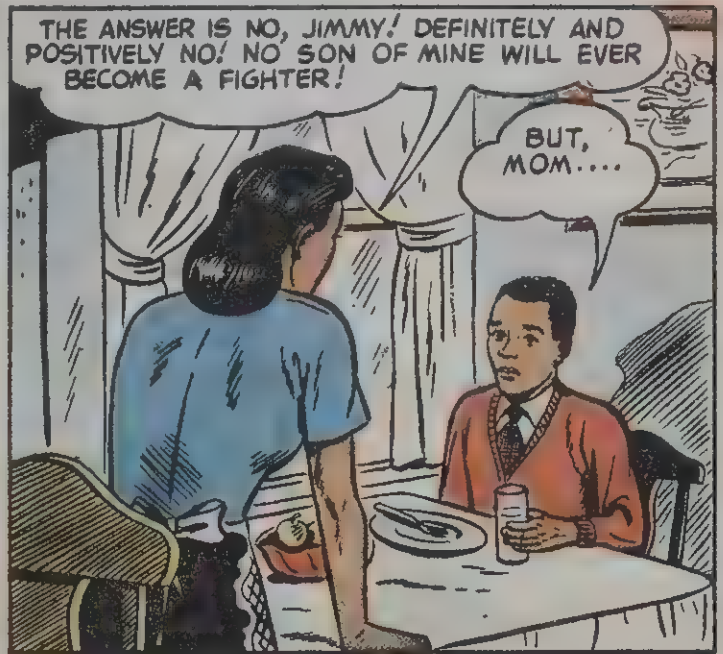
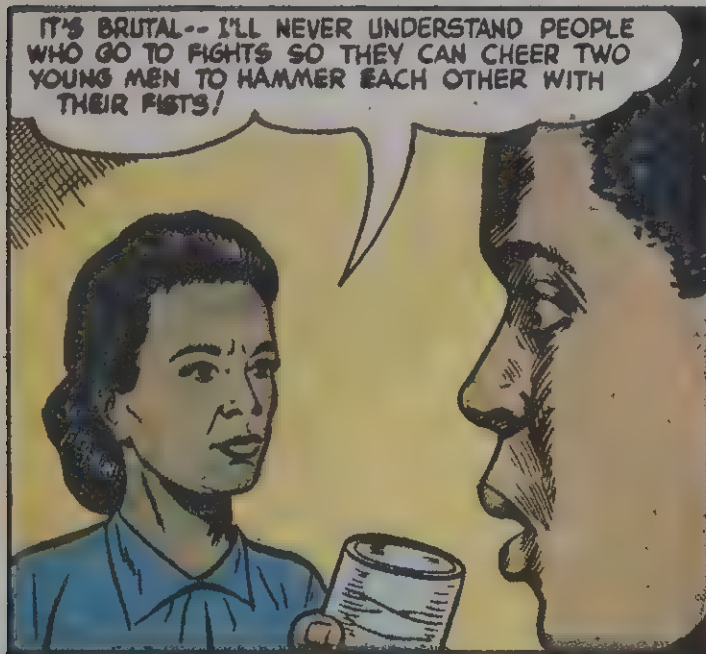
But Jimmy is mistaken...

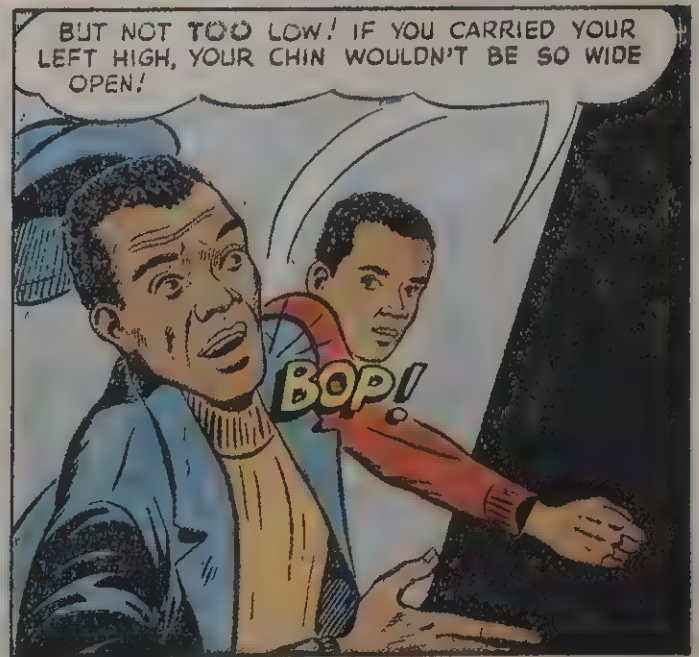
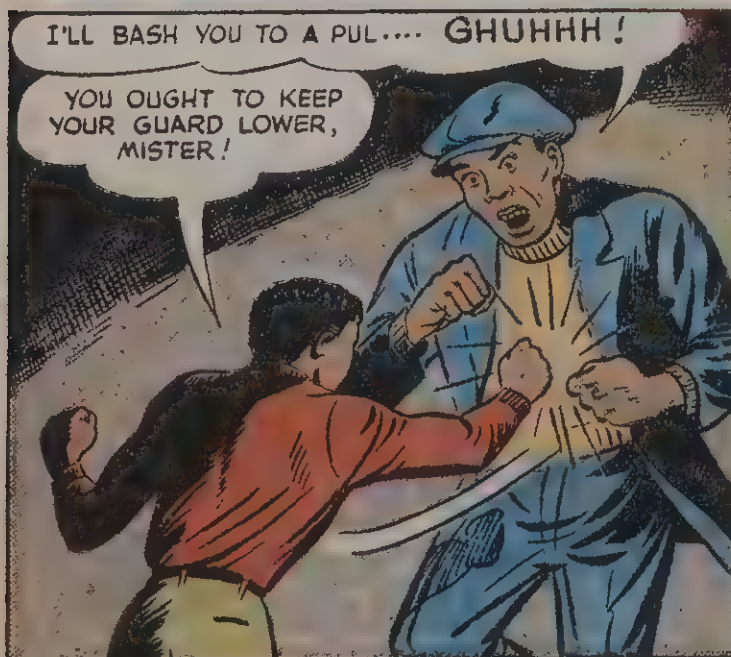
MY SON-- A FIGHTER! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SUGGEST SOMETHING LIKE THIS! I SAW IT COMING EVER SINCE YOU STARTED TAKING THOSE BOXING LESSONS!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT, MOM?

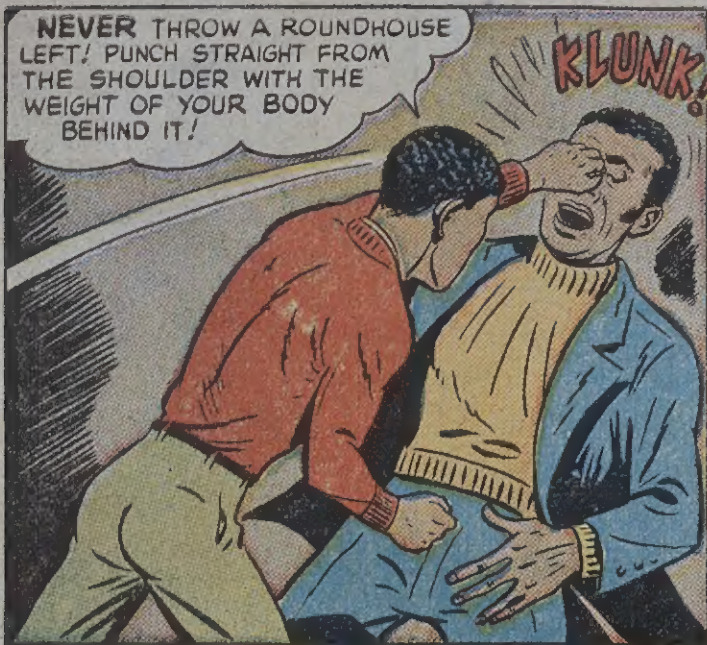


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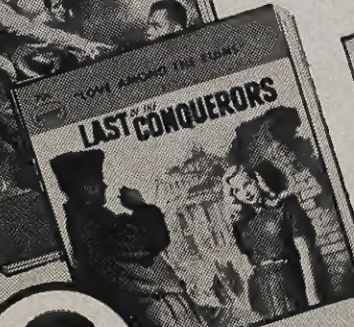
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GENE TUNNEY

UNDEFEATED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF
THE GOLDEN AGE OF SPORT.....

ALTHOUGH THE
FIGHTING MARINE RAN
UP A STRING OF THIRTY
KNOCKOUTS IN HIS FIRST
THIRTY-FIVE BOUTS...GENE
SOON FOUND HE HAD
BRITTLE HANDS...SO IN
1921 HE TOOK TO THE
WOODS AND CURED HIS
DAMAGED MITTS....

A YEAR OF
THIS.... AN I'LL BE
ABLE TO BELT A
STEAM-ENGINE!

AFTER KNOCKING-OFF
THE CONTENDERS HE
FINALLY GOT A SHOT AT
DEMPSEY'S CROWN. WHILE
IN TRAINING IT WAS
LEARNED THAT GENE WAS
A LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE
AND FINE BOOKS! TUNNEY
WASN'T GIVEN A CHANCE
WITH THE MANASSA MAULER
....BUT TO EVERYONE'S
SURPRISE HE EXPERTLY
OUTBOXED THE CHAMP
AND WON THE TITLE!

IT'S
IN TH'
BAG FR
TH'CHAMP..

TH' BUM
IS READIN'
SHAKIN-SPEERS!

1927 BROUGHT THE
FAMOUS \$2,500,000
GATE AND THE "LONG-
COUNT"...DOWNED FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN HIS
CAREER, GENE RECOVERED
AT THE COUNT OF NINE
(SOME THOUGHT IT WAS
AN EASY 12!) AND
WENT ON TO TAKE THE
DECISION FROM DEMPSEY

ONE, TWO...
BUTTON MY
SHOE...ER
THREE, FOUR...

HAVE
YOU GOT A
SANDWICH?

TO RETIRE OR
NOT TO RETIRE...THAT
IS THE QUESTION?

AFTER KNOCKING
OUT TOM HEENEY IN 1928,
THE FIGHTING MARINE
RETIRED AS UNDEFEATED
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD

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...in your neighborhood!